

School of Theology at Claremont



1001 1409779

# "SO AS BY FIRE"

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND

•  
SECOND  
SERIES







The Library  
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY  
AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE  
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA











SO AS BY FIRE

NOTES ON THE WAR

SECOND SERIES







39  
4  
-162

*Shewell*

PRESENTATION COPY.

# SO AS BY FIRE

## NOTES ON THE WAR

### SECOND SERIES

BY

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, D.D., D.LITT.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF OXFORD

AND CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH

LONDON:

WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD.

3 & 4, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

AND 44, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.



Theology Library  
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY  
AT CLAREMONT  
California



1916



## PREFACE

THE response made to the first Series of Notes has persuaded me to venture on a second. There are a number of people, I gather, who are building up a like mind about the War and its miseries. And these Notes may serve to suggest what that common mind is. They were written, month by month, for a journal : and are left as they were written. This is more natural, even though it involves some repetition, and some references to matters now obsolete. What is mainly desired is that those whose hearts are besieged by distress, should hold open and intimate talk with one another about the deep things in which alone lies our hope of peace.

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND

*March 30th, 1916*







## CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. THE WAR A BLOW TO CIVILIZATION . . . . .	I
II. WHAT, THEN, IS CIVILIZATION ? . . . . .	10
III. GOD AND WAR IN REVELATION . . . . .	20
IV. THE LOGIC OF WAR . . . . .	30
V. HISTORY IN MAKING . . . . .	36
VI. THE MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY . . . . .	45
VII. THE POWER OF THE CHILD . . . . .	54
VIII. GILBERT TALBOT . . . . .	60
IX. LIFE AND DEATH . . . . .	70
X. NATIONAL PENITENCE . . . . .	79
XI. COMPULSION THROUGH FREEDOM . . . . .	92
XII. THE CASE FOR A VOLUNTARY ARMY . . . . .	99
XIII. THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE . . . . .	107
XIV. AN ANTHOLOGY FOR WAR TIME . . . . .	110
XV. WHERE ALL IS PEACE . . . . .	115
XVI. THE PROMISE OF THE BULBS . . . . .	117







# SO AS BY FIRE

## NOTES ON THE WAR

### SECOND SERIES

#### I

#### THE WAR A BLOW TO CIVILIZATION

CHRISTIANITY seemed to be hard hit by the War. The naked horror of it struck like an icy chill on our Faith. Every instinct that moved us to believe in a Father in high Heaven, in a CHRIST born at Bethlehem to bring Peace to men of goodwill, was outraged, was lacerated, by the shock of this wild devilry. War, in its barbarity, in its insanity, in its cruel folly, defied the very Name of GOD who is Love. We recovered from this shock, as we recognized that we are not fighting because we are Christians, but because we never had been. If our Christianity had been real, we should never have been at war. It is not Christianity that was convicted: but we were convicted of not being what we professed. The Armaments that we had heaped together until they crashed into war had been the outstanding evidence of the suspicion, jealousy, ambition, and hate, which were the paramount forces governing National action. They were



the loud proclamation that the Nations refused to rely on their Christian Brotherhood, and preserve their unity in the Body of CHRIST. As they grew and grew, they bore increasing witness to the betrayal of CHRIST, as the Bond of Peace. The nations of the earth lived by fear and not by love, and they knew it, and they meant it. They laid down those monstrous millions of money in blood and iron as a deliberate pledge that they would not trust CHRIST. That is why they are now in the death grips. We had all been in the guilt. We are at war because we are not of His fold. So Faith revived. If only we had been His ! If only we could become His ! Never again would this hideous nightmare darken the face of the earth if only CHRIST were King ! The War clamoured for a Christian revival : for a new Faith in the Gospel of the Cross.

Socialism, again, has been very hard hit. A great vision of Internationalism has been rudely shattered. We thought that labour had got down to the bed-rock of human unity. In work, in the co-operation of industries, in the common interest of all labour, in the ancient and primitive vocations by which man goes out to subdue the earth, we might hope to dig down below all that divides, all the hateful barriers that obstruct the free motions of our common humanity. Labour is one, all the world over. In the sweat of our brow, in the toil of our hands, we all eat of one bread, and are all children of one household, and all taste of one joy. There are no classes, but only the one Body with many members. War in the body is disease : is death. It must be guarded against like the plague : it must be cast out like a devil. A vision this—real and right and true ; only it has been shattered. We had forgotten or ignored the tremendous force of



Nationality. When once the driving power of Nationality came into play, it swept all along headlong in its mighty currents. Internationalism went under. It had miscalculated. It had hoped to arrive at its Ideal by cancelling Nationalities. But, by that road, there is no arriving. We have got now to learn how to include, and use, and transcend the motive-force of Nationality, so that Internationalism may embrace and fulfil all the vital energies that work in the blood of distinctive races. Labour may still prove its claim to be our strongest and deepest bond, if only, instead of an abstract Cosmopolitanism, it adopt the ideal of a Federation of Living Nations.

Christianity, then, will survive the shock ; it will, indeed, gain by being revealed in its true colours. The War will show what we have lost by not being Christian enough. The International Ideals of Labour will recover from their lapse, if they learn by bitter discipline to take a richer and fuller estimate of the facts.

But there is one high hope, once in full possession, which is hardest hit of all. There was a thing that was vaguely named "Civilization." Man, Western Man, had got his hand on life. He had shaped and moulded and organized it. He had discovered its main secrets ; he had read its purpose. He knew what to be at. There was a lot yet to be done : there was much leeway to be made good : there were terrible heritages of wrong to be slowly undone. It was a long and laborious job. But we had got on to the track, and we had only to move on along the paths laid down by science and experience, and all would clear. In education lay our hope. If only men learned the lessons that wisdom had to teach ; if only they would understand



and apprehend and work out the well-known laws of life, and industry, and social welfare, which we had already made our own, then progress was certain, and the goal assured. Science would more and more enlighten : experience would ever better its organization : education would ever widen the area over which intelligence operated. So our progress would be sure with the increase of the years. Progress! We were "progressive." I do not think that any of us, outside the jungle of the reactionaries, doubted that this was somehow the law of our social life. It was a matter of dispute and of diplomacy how fast we ought to advance ; but we were certainly engaged in advancing. It was an affair of removing obstructions, of abolishing ignorance, of spreading the light. That was all. The principles were all right ; but they could only, by gradual degrees, be given full play. The most enlightened countries were those that had developed and organized knowledge, so that it had been brought to bear upon public life with ever-gathering success. Industry was ever expanding, wealth was ever increasing. We had only to apply and to distribute it more wisely and more efficiently. And this finer and nobler application of wealth to public welfare was becoming more and more possible, because Humanitarian motives were growing more and more operative, and consciences were being socialized, and corporate responsibilities were being more steadily realized. For this Civilization of ours, though undogmatic and detached from ecclesiastical interest, was, nevertheless, we pleaded, based on Christian instincts and Christian assumptions. In the best sense of the word, it could be called a Christian Civilization, for, at bottom, it rested on principles which CHRIST had originally made



valid. Its Christianity might be largely unconscious ; but it was none the less active for that.

Now it is curious how far-reaching some such assumption as this has been in all of us. It was our natural inheritance. It pervaded the atmosphere which we breathed. It perorated in every leading article. It had its tags in every public speech. It coloured our judgment, like a dye, through and through. It was part of our spontaneous self, and entered into everything that we thought or did. It was the common ground on which we argued. It was the presupposition behind every available premiss. We carried it along with us as we moved. We might turn round on it to criticize it. We might powder its platitudes with our lighter irony : we might chaff its self-sufficient pomposity. But, after all, it was never dislodged. It was never really shaken or disconcerted. It knew its dominion over us to be too secure for any of our clever badinage to disturb it. It was there, at the centre of our being, by virtue of immemorial tradition. It needed no succour or defence, for it had become inevitable to our conscious thinking.

Now, here, indeed, we come to something that has gone from under us. That mind, that mood, can never be again. It is as if the crust on which our City was built had broken in. The awful shells of this tremendous War have torn it up into hollow craters. That old surface life has been wiped out. Its supports have given from under it. For it is this very power to organize experience which had consummated itself in Teutonic "Kultur." This "Kultur" did represent a superbly efficient application of science to human life. It was organization carried out to the limit. It drew upon the fullest resources of intellectual



industry. It had behind it the gathered and correlated momentum of social and economic study. It put to practical use all the forces of scientific skill, of educational method, of rational system. It evoked, for the service of the State, the gifts of trained and equipped experts, devoted, combined, concentrated, so that human nature might put out, to the best effect, all that was in it. It was inspired by high ambitions, and set on great aims. But, nevertheless, it has landed the poor unhappy earth in a moral catastrophe, from which our very being recoils with amazement and disgust.

And it is within this organizing and civilizing capacity that the worst evil has lodged itself. It is no incidental accident. It belongs to the spirit which has given to the nation its astounding efficiency. It is woven into the texture of its indomitable will—into the fibre of its growth. It fights with such terrific tenacity; it offers, in unrelenting sacrifice, its holocausts of dead; it shrinks from no effort, and flinches at no cost; it flings itself out in this heroic devotion—yet it is done by force of a national exclusiveness, a national arrogance, a national presumption of dominance, which admits of no mutual confidence or amity. It renders itself incapable both of self-criticism and of sympathetic understanding of others. It becomes stupefied by its own passion for self-aggrandizement, which absorbs all its mental energy, and dictates its entire moral outlook. Everything becomes justifiable which serves the paramount purpose. That purpose is so obviously for the benefit of the world, that the world must be simply stupid, or malicious, or envious, if it does not acquiesce in it. So the argument runs, as we know it familiarly in its proverbial Teutonic



form. We fall back staggered. All that we supposed would make such a temper impossible goes to its making. The scientific organization of life is itself the reason of the relentlessness of the savagery. The intellectual gifts, the sensitiveness to ideas, create the stupid blindness which is incapable of correction. Just what ought to equip for self-criticism, blocks it. Civilization turns against itself. The nation which is most in earnest with its civilization, so uses it as to become an absolutely impossible confederate in the comity of civilized peoples.

This is the blow that has struck so hard at the centre of our popular conviction. The educated and civilized man is wounded in his best and innermost self. The dart has struck him in the heart, and he must pull it out or bleed to death. Therefore it is that there is so much that is pathetic, and even tragic, in the gatherings that have taken place under the head of the "Layman's" movement. Lord Bryce put out for it a most moving statement of its aims. It held a meeting at Oxford last July which was attended by some three hundred members. The Bishop spoke at the opening : Mr. Oldham, Dr. Cairns, Mr. E. A. Burroughs, and others gave addresses. The men so drawn together knew that they had got to go down below the ground which had so often appeared sufficient.

What these men feel is that the old conventions are gone. It had been assumed that civilization could take care of itself. It would work out right. You could trust it. Its momentum was set in the right direction. We were inside it, its creatures, its instruments, at its service, and we could accept from it the assurance that we were in the line of true progress. We can never have that confidence again. After all, civiliza-



tion is our creation ; we make it what it is. And if we give it a wrong turn it will carry it out to our perdition. Bishop Butler wondered whether a whole nation could go mad. Well, a whole civilization can go mad if we set the forces of madness moving. We know that now to our cost. And to save civilization from any such disaster we must have a foothold outside and beyond it. We cannot afford to leave it alone, or to be indifferent to its drift. We must lay strong hands upon it and compel it to take its spiritual temper by our standards, and from out of our reserves. We must impose upon it its true purpose ; we must fashion it by the pattern seen in the mount. And for this we must have been up in the mount ourselves. Far away above all the social platitudes about growth and progress, we must have seen for ourselves the vision by which all growth is to be determined, and from which all progress receives its dominant value. Only through the Spirit brooding over the waters can the world take form and substance, so that GOD can pronounce it very good. Back behind civilization lies civilization's secret. Back behind man, is the divine righteousness into the likeness of which he may be fashioned by the increase of the years. In GOD, by GOD, through GOD, man becomes sufficient to control the work of his hands, and to guide his own advance. The national conduct that is governed by this life's expedencies and interests is doomed. The civilization that takes power as its inspiration hands itself over to the devil. This earth is never understood as self-sufficient. The salt that keeps her pure is not her own. It is brought to her only through the fire of sacrifice. GOD, after all, means so much. We must begin with Him or we are lost. ~~The parsons may be too foolish~~



~~for words, but the thing that they stand for is the only~~  
true wisdom. So we must get behind the parsons and  
find it out for ourselves. That is what these laymen  
~~are saying to one another.~~ <sup>live</sup> They want God. <sup>live</sup> They seek  
JESUS CHRIST. For nothing else really counts. ~~They~~ <sup>we</sup>  
had always heard of this with the hearing of the ear.  
~~They~~ had often said it in a formula, and subscribed  
to it by ~~their~~ <sup>live</sup> signatures. But, in the present moral  
welter, with all former platitudes gone by the board,  
they must at all costs, say it for themselves, out of a  
living heart, in the force of a vital conviction, as men  
who see the Invisible, and name the unutterable  
Name.



## II

### WHAT, THEN, IS CIVILIZATION ?

THERE are few, now, to remember Professor Bonamy Price in Oxford, forty years ago ; but those few will never forget what it was to have the dear man dancing in front of them, with his amazing Celtic vivacity, and piercing them, at the top of his voice, by some remorseless challenge of his, that they had to meet in the face of a giggling room full of people. " What is Civilization ? "—that was one of the problems that he carried about with him. Some Cheltenham girl had given him what he considered to be a splendid definition. And you had to deliver your answer to his challenge with the knowledge that whatever you said would be shown to be hopelessly inferior to what this wretched schoolgirl had got off her chest. So that you laboured under the sense of inevitable defeat before you began. In this case, the phenomenal child had said, as far as I remember, that " Civilization was progressive desire."\*

Now, I am prepared to go one better, and if Bonamy were flashing and shouting before me to-day, I would risk this answer : " Civilization is the organized transmission of acquired habits and character." A cumber-

\* The astonishing child still lives. Her brother writes to say so And he declares that the real question was, How does man differ from the animals ? I must stick to it that the Professor's version of it reached us in the form that I have recorded.



some answer, I quite admit. But it would do to bowl him over with for a minute, and so to gain a moment's breath. And the more you think of it, the more merit, I trust, it will gain. For consider what it carries in it.

Civilization goes on just where heredity leaves off. For all the Darwinians and other experts are assuring us that the physical forces of heredity cannot transmit acquired character. The mere activity included within the narrow bounds of individual life has not force enough to penetrate inside the germ cells. Their capacities have been determined by conditions too remote and too frail to be affected by transient efforts. Now, if this is true, and if this were all, then, the most dismal result would follow. All man's experience would go, practically, to nothing. All that he has learned, and practised, and assimilated, during his busy years, would drop out and disappear with him into his grave. His children would be as if it had never been. They would have to go back to where he started. There would be no vantage won : no accumulated heritage : no stored wisdom, and cunning, and craftsmanship, and excellent habit, passed on. " Verily, all go to one place. There is no hope in the grave. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," saith the preacher.

But man will not have it so. He sets himself to work to do what nature by herself refuses to do for him. He deliberately applies himself to the task of transmitting what he has by pain and practice acquired. Civilization is the record of his success. By conscious rational manœuvres he manages to store his gains, and to secure their continuance. He finds ways of giving permanent effect to the devices that his experience has taught him, and to the skill, and knowledge, and craft, of which he has discovered the secret. So



his labour shall not have been in vain. What he has painfully acquired, his children shall have as a sure possession. And what is the nature of his store-house? and what is his method of transmission? Well—it may be summed up in a word much worked, nowadays—worked, perhaps, to weariness: yet a good word for all that—environment. He builds up a structure, a lodging, a fabric, which shall hold his garnered wisdom. He so fashions the world about him that it shall reflect and embody what he has won. In it his best characteristics shall have a regular, and habitual, and enduring home. Into this fixed world of his creating, his children will be born: so that its pressure will be on them from the first hour of their existence. They will conform to its suggestions: they will instinctively correspond to its mould: they will assimilate its mind: they will utilize its opportunities. So the years will not go ever to waste. The new men will begin where their fathers left off. A certain temper, a certain capacity to use his tools, a certain equipment for his task, will become a man's instinctive heritage. He will have been put into the right attitude for handling his life: he will be in possession of an effective outlook: he will be in a position to master his chances: he will be inclined towards favourable directions: he will be ready to draw on his best resources: he will be spontaneously alert to the calls that will be made upon him. And all this will have happened through the unconscious influence of an entourage which has been at his service from birth, and has insensibly evoked in him those aptitudes which his fathers had learned, by hard discipline, to acquire.

So a nation establishes an environment that expresses her conception of what a man of hers is bound to be.



Into it : she throws her collective mind, her authentic tradition. It gives a permanent lodgment to her native habits, to her idea of what a citizen means, to her standard of values, to her particular contribution to our common humanity. Under the play and stimulus of this unceasing pressure, the child takes on the national type to which by heredity it belongs ; it is toned to the national colour : it is identified with the national qualities. It finds itself, as it grows, to be imbued with the characteristics to which its nature most instinctively corresponds. It has acquired a climate : a disposition : a customary expression : all of which are the natural properties of the corporate tradition which has passed into its life.

Our environment, then, is the test of our civilization, of our Nationality. It conveys to us that measure of a father's acquired character which it has been thought well to embody in an organized form for universal transmission. All who are of this particular nationality should come under the influence of this common environment : for it is through it that they become members and instruments of the continuous life of the community. All have an equal right to this traditional heritage which our forefathers have accumulated. All draw from it their obligations of loyalty to that which begot them. It is the fruit of their patriotism. It has been the main formative force of their citizenship. It has made them what they are. They are its children. In recognition of this debt of life that they owe to their country which has nourished them within this body of conventional habits, they may be called upon to go out and fight, and die, for it. " He must go from me and fight," cried the weeping Frenchwoman of her man, " for I am only his wife : but France is



his mother." That is a noble saying. All Frenchmen and Frenchwomen understand it. France is, for them, not only an ideal, a great name, with a high record in history : she is more than that. She is actual, concrete, living : she moulds each individual life so that it could not exist except in that tradition of hers, under those typical forms, environed about by those vital habits which are its second nature. She is the mother of each, and of all.

Wistfully we turn our eyes homeward. We recall the environment of so many of our people—the environment which embodies the essential and vital necessities which England considered to be due to all who would become typical of her tradition, heirs of her peculiar name, representative of her ideas of true citizenship. Here, in the environment, we are to see the evidence of what she most valued in the acquired character of the generations that have built up her story. Here we can detect the cardinal habits on which she would lay her special stress. Here we can recognize her standard of what she regarded to be the common properties of all who claimed her name. Here we can gather her idea of the "motherhood" which justifies the call of patriotism.

We think of some dock labourer, perhaps, who has gone off with a ribbon in his hat, under the passionate appeal of the recruiting orator. What was the environment in which the honour of England had become incarnate for him ? That environment, that embodied tradition, that hereditary experience, is especially effectual in determining the earliest conditions of all—the conditions of birth and babyhood. It is just then that we can more exactly tell how far the national "motherhood" has gone : what value the nation has



set on the life that is to give it a good citizen : what forethought and care it has given to the formation of its national type and character. What provision, then, did the kind foster-parent, the State-mother, make for her who was about to be delivered of this man-child, whom we have singled out ? What good chances had she ? What opportunities of profiting by the transmitted experience of those who had gone before ? Has she had any quiet time to prepare for his arrival : to sit and think, and learn a little, about what was before her : to store a bit of strength for the trial-hour : and to be ready for his nourishment ? Or did we never allow her a moment off her work until the hour struck ? Was she ailing and half-fed, tired and dispirited, unable to secure her proper rest and relief, busy perhaps with the endless bothers of other children clamouring in the crowded room—unable to lie at ease when her force was spent, impatient to be up again and back at the grind that was wanted to keep the bit of home together ? Could she get any pure milk for the babe, when she could not give her own ? Was there any space, and room, and light, and air for the new babe—that it might gather force for growth, and expand under cherishing power ? Had she those to whom she could turn for counsel and advice ? Was she ever instructed in the blessed craft of mothering her child ? Was there any care given to its food ? or in its petty ailments ? Had it any chance of steady and regular growth ? Its only playground, its one refuge from the crowded house, would be the ugly, dirty, huddled street, out of the gutters of which it had to wring all its chances of fun and friendship.

Then, at last, came the swinging happiness of school :



and here, for a time, we really played up to his needs : he had the splendid teaching given by the entrancing skill of experts in the art of attractive instruction. He had bright laughing comradeship : and songs, and merry drills, and thrilling holidays. All this was thoroughly good. Only, just as he was becoming alive to intellectual interest : and could read a book with joy : and was learning to wonder over the big earth, and to gather in the amazing drama of man's story : we snatched him away : we cut it all short, as with a knife : we kicked him out of his one chance of growing in knowledge, and wisdom, and judgment : and lo ! at fourteen it was all over for him. The things of the mind and the imagination were hastily removed from out of his ken : and he was tied to some job that asked for no mind, and killed all imagination, and deadened every growing capacity, and was stupid, monotonous, mean ; and only too often led to nothing, taught him nothing, and left him, at the age of opening manhood, just when he should find his place in the world, and take up his own task, piteously untrained, unapprenticed, a useless, hopeless, unskilled labourer, who was fated, now, to live by picking up casual jobs, on the uttermost margin of existence, liable to fall out of all employment at any hour of depression, never once assured of any life before him for more than a week, never secured against lapses, hunger, downfalls, with nothing to aim at, nothing to work for as a guerdon, nothing set before him to achieve, no outlook, no vision, no betterment. That was the equipment provided by his environment : that was all the opportunity which the Community could afford to give him. That was the way in which the inheritance of acquired genius which his fathers had accumulated on his



behalf reached him. That is what England meant to him.

And, now, in return for all this magnificent endowment and education—for the golden opportunity so generously opened to him—let him lay down his life gladly to redeem her honour.

We can never make the demand again upon him or his fellows with a light heart. We must have given England a new meaning for him, before we ever again dare to ask of him so much in return. We must have done this under these two heads of our recognized obligations to him—equipment and opportunity. And the measure that we shall take of the equipment that he requires, and of the opportunity that he claims, will be given by the necessity that we are under of enabling him to put into the name of England something that will make it intelligible and natural for him to be ready to die for her. We must never again be ashamed to invite him to risk all that he holds dear on behalf of what he cannot understand, and of what we dare not attempt to justify to him. He must, at least, know that it is England which has made a man of him: which encompassed him about, from his first childhood, with habits and ways which had become part of the delight of living: an England which had found for him room enough in which to come to his right stature: and had given him breathing-space in which to play his happy games, and shout for joy with boon companions: and had fed him with nourishing thoughts: and had endowed him with high memories: and had woven about him the wonder of a great tradition, in which his fathers had played their part, not in vain: and had taken the trouble to test his capacities, and to direct them into



their proper exercise : and had offered him, at last, the opportunity of proving his powers at work : and of doing the service of a useful citizen : and of winning his bread : and of building his home, with wife and children : and of ever learning a little more of what his country had meant in the past, and what it stood for in the present, and wherein lies the vision which it should follow, if ever it would come to its true fruition in the days that lay before it. And that the vision is not to be seen unless his equipment has, as he grew, secured for his soul some spontaneous outlook towards the things that are eternal. And though his country may not be qualified to instruct him in these high matters, yet, surely, it should belong to its duty to have made sure that he has found himself enfolded within some spiritual commonwealth, such as had been the familiar tradition and nourishment of his own fathers before him. The Society might see to it that he did not miss coming into touch with this his proper heritage : for without it he cannot grow to his full stature : he can never be wholly himself. Only through the opportunity of such religious equipment is his manhood made capable of putting out its force to the full.

This, then, is every Englishman's right. His claim upon England comes to this—that she shall enable him to be what he is—an Englishman. He is still so true to type, thank God ! This is what we have learned through the War. Somehow the old quality reappears which drew its sounding bow at Agincourt. There is the historic temper : individual : cheery : ironic : affectionate : real. By some strange alchemy, no one knows how or why, Cheapside still produces Shakespeare's men and women. We do not deserve it.



But there it is in our hands, to cherish and sustain. The type is there, but it hardly knows itself. We have got to make it aware of its own most precious inheritance. We have got to equip it so that it feels and understands what it is to be English. "What will it matter to us, if the Kaiser comes?" We have all heard that retort on our heroic appeals. And it is not so easy to confute it. For it means that he who says it has no apprehension of what he is. If he had, he would know that there could be nothing so dreadful or so deadly as for one race to be over-lorded and stifled by another. That is the one absolutely intolerable thing: and any race that is aware of its own soul would rather die a hundred deaths than submit to it. When once an Englishman has become conscious of his type, of his inheritance, of his racial quality, he will know why he could never endure to live unless he were free to be himself. Every Frenchman knows what this means. We saw it in the cry of the desolate wife sending her man to the Front. He feels for France all that a Frenchman throws into the deepest word in his heart: "*Ma Mère.*" We have got to enable every Englishman to put into words as pregnant and vital as that, his consciousness of all that he owes to the land that has mothered him.



### III

## GOD AND WAR IN REVELATION

THE problem of reconciling War with the Omnipotence and Goodness of God is searching and harassing enough in all conscience. But it is, I confess, a great surprise to me that the problem should be regarded as novel and strange, as if it had been suddenly sprung upon us unawares. People are still actually writing to the papers in order to call attention to this unexpected phenomenon. They speak as if this awful War had raised some perplexing issue for the first time. One wonders whether they have ever read their Bibles. For, surely, if they have, they must have faced this very problem in its most violent shape as soon as they had got through a few pages of the old Book. There was no disguise of it attempted. The Book never flinches from the obvious fact. War is there recognized as a medium through which God works ; and war, often, in its most hideous shape. The issue could not be put more boldly : more vividly : more staggeringly : or even more repulsively. It is linked in with what was highest as well as with what was lowest. It does not only appear in the gross and carnal stages of Jael or Jehu. It is also bound up with the loftiest messages of the spiritual Prophets from Samuel to Isaiah. It winds itself in within the highest inspiration of the Psalms :



“ Blessed be the LORD my GOD, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight ” : “ It is GOD that girdeth me with strength for the war, and maketh my way perfect ” : “ I will follow upon mine enemies and overtake them. I will smite them that they shall not be able to stand.” Finally, it reappears in the Book of the Revelation as the arena over which the pressure of the vision of GOD makes itself felt.

I am not saying that all this is not difficult to account for. On the contrary, I want to emphasize its bewilderment. It raises importunate questionings. It challenges our deepest reason. It attacks our faith : and provokes our best conscience into activity. It is dreadfully difficult to interpret and justify. But what I would insist upon is that it is the Bible itself which has presented us with the terrible conundrum. It lies within its own pages. There is no collision between some ideal picture of life given in the Bible, and the picture offered by the brutal actual facts. The contradiction between the Ideal and the Fact—GOD and the World—takes place inside the Bible record. That Revelation of GOD’s purpose which is recorded and embodied in the Book contains this particular antagonism between what we should expect and what we find to be the fact. It is embedded within the process of the divine manifestation. We are challenged by the Revelation itself to ask : “ Why, in GOD’s Name, does He so act ? ” His own Word to us includes, provokes, creates this special perplexity. It forces us to ask of its own intention : “ Why art Thou red in Thine apparel, and Thy garments like one that treadeth in the wine-vat ? ”

Now—let us remember that this is the Bible’s typical way of dealing with all the facts that stagger



reason and faith. It simply admits them inside its record. It accepts them as part and parcel of that which it has to say. And, by so doing, even though it offers no ultimate explanation of them, it robs them of their sting. It deprives them of their power to surprise and shock us. They cannot now appear to give God the lie or to convict Him of failure : for He has somehow taken them into His plan : He allows for them : He never disguises them : He lets them play their part within the disclosure that He is making to men of the Will and Purpose with which He is shaping their history. There they all are—these troubling, disturbing, horrifying facts that meet us in human life—in human history. The Book knows all about them : it is not afraid of them. It has seen its way round them. It puts them all in at their very worst : and yet goes straight forward on its own way, perfectly sure of its final goal, convinced that GOD is Love, and that He will vindicate this His Name before He has done. This is its traditional way with pain, and sin, and woe, and death. This, therefore, is its way with war. It declares the Divine Purpose to be Peace and Goodwill : it works for the day when swords shall be turned into ploughshares and spears into reaping-hooks : and “ they shall not hurt or destroy in all my Holy mountain, saith the LORD.” That is most certainly what GOD desires : and will attain. But it tells how GOD, in working towards this, goes down Himself into the stress and storm of human history. And whatever the history carries in it and with it, He will accept as His medium : He will turn to His use : He will compel to serve His ultimate end. He takes his stand with man, wherever man is. He enters the arena as man’s fellow-mate in the conflict. He shares man’s strange



and mixed and terrible situation. From within his story He will transform it. From out of this welter He will create a new earth. So He takes what He finds. He will run the risks of identifying Himself with men. And part of what He finds is War. War has followed on man's sin. The dread scourge of war haunts him with its avenging wrath. It is the awful shadow of himself. Man is at war with himself: and therefore at war with his fellows. This is actual history—this is the Fact. And GOD is true to the fact. He buries His Spirit inside the human drama with all its wars, and sets Himself in spite of war, through war, to destroy the causes that create war. He brings out of a situation of which war is the characteristic note the new temper which, if once it prevailed, would render war impossible.

This is the spiritual law which is realized in the fact that the CHRIST of our Peace comes by the way of the Jewish dispensation: that the New Covenant is the outcome of the old. "Salvation is of the Jews." We arrive at Grace by the road of the Law. The manifestation of GOD the Father, in the face of JESUS CHRIST, the Prince of Peace, is conditioned and prepared for by the manifestation of the same GOD through the Old Testament, in spite of all its terrible records of war and desolation. The record revolts by the horrors and cruelties which it includes. But the horrors and cruelties are the measure of the thoroughness with which GOD set Himself to recapture and recover the actual and real man himself who committed such atrocities. GOD abhors nothing as intolerable and unworthy, when once He has entered on the work of redeeming men. At all costs, He must win the very man who was capable of such things. So He allows Himself to be put to open shame and humiliation, by incurring the reputation



of real disgrace, if so only can the man who thus disgraced himself be won to abhor his own misdoings, and to love the way of peace. The end will explain, and vindicate : the end will all be peace. At the end, man will have been compelled by force of his own recreated will, out of his own over-mastery and spontaneous impulse, to break the bow, and snap the spear in sunder, and burn the chariot in the fire. So, through the dark days, GOD pressed forward toward the goal, clouded by ignominies of battle and fire and garments rolled in blood, until He had justified Himself. The issue of it all arrived. It all had led up to one end. And that end was found to be CHRIST.

Now I am but rehearsing the common faith of all who accept the Bible. The Book, as we understand it, tells just the one story—how it was that, actually, in historical fact, GOD did so use a particular situation, did so implicate Himself in the story of a particular people, that He forced its savage and stubborn but loyal heart to become the means through which the CHRIST could be born. The story tells how He made all the bitter wars of the beginning slowly arrive at the disclosure of the power of peace. It was out of that tremendous tale of trouble, fury, and fire that the highway was set up by which the Prince of Peace arrived. That is the divine triumph. That is our revelation in the Book. And, if so, if it was done that way once, if that is the typical and victorious instance of how GOD has worked inside human history, then, we need not be so woefully staggered by discovering that this is still the road that He takes for winning this ancient victory—that this is still the way by which He persuades and allows men to reach and find their way to CHRIST. He still goes down to where men are—



to the level at which they stand. He still takes them at their own valuation. He still refuses to abhor the humiliation which they fasten upon Him. He still seeks them for themselves—as what they are. If they wilfully and wickedly persist in horrible fighting, well ! He will take them even at that. The one thing that He will never do is to throw them over, and abandon them in despair. He will never ask for other men, of a better kind, instead of the actual men who sin and slay before Him. It is these very men, and not others less repugnant than them, whom He proposes to win to Himself. That is why He will go down into the thick of the horrible business : and get to work inside it. That was the way once. So the Bible says. That is His way *now*. He will create peace out of war itself—even as Samson wrung honey out of the carcase of a dead lion. That is GOD's revealed way. Why are we surprised at its reappearance ?

Ah ! you say, it may have been His way once. But now there is a new way—the way of CHRIST. War cannot belong to CHRIST's new way of love. We are under the New Testament. And you are asking us to “go back to the Old.” Exactly ! Of course, war cannot be CHRIST's true way. And if we were CHRIST's own, we should not be at war. War would be incredible : impossible. This War is a terrible evidence that we are not of CHRIST's folk : that the nations have not yet become the people of the Lamb : His kingdom is not yet come ! No ! But who ever thought that it was ? Who ever has believed that in public life, as nations, in international affairs, in our attitudes towards each other, the European peoples were living at the level of CHRIST's law, or according to His mind ? Is it only in war that we are showing ourselves un-



CHRIST-like ? Is our peace any better ? Is our industry carried on by His standard ? Have our business habits His brand upon them ? And our social order ? our society ? our wealth ? Do they bear witness to Him ? These cities of ours, with their gross and wanton and mindless luxury, and their mean, ugly, cruel poverty, in horrid and wild contrast with one another—are these built after the fashion of the copy seen in the Sermon on the Mount ? Surely, we ought not to talk as if in this War we had suddenly dropped from being citizens of CHRIST, and heirs of His kingdom—as if we had by some strange fit of abnormal frenzy belied ourselves, and betrayed our Christian profession, and abandoned the Sermon on the Mount, which had been hitherto our daily habit. When did we ever keep it ? We are staggered because we are not obeying His command not to resist evil. Why have we so easily passed by, all this time, His order never to take thought for the morrow ? The two commands are exactly on a par. The War does not stand alone as an isolated failure to keep the law of CHRIST : or to live at His level. The whole of our peace was just as great a failure. We see in war what we were in peace. Our peace was full of war. Our industry was a bitter war of men against men. Our international politics were expressed in war terms, i.e. in armaments. Our business was a world of private warfare, a hand-to-hand fight with grenades, each against his fellow. Our civilization was penetrated by the spirit of emulation, strife, ambition, greed. Our citizenship was *not* hid with CHRIST in GOD. If it had been so hid in peace time, there would never have been those miles upon miles of blind trenches in France, nor the heaps of unburied slain on the sad fields of Flanders. No ! CHRIST'S



kingdom has not yet come in our hearts. And, if so, we cannot act as if it had. Because we never have been of His own in our daily national habit, therefore we are all at war. That is quite true. The War proclaims, in letters of flame, the truth that we might have known all along—that, in Civic and International Politics, we have never lived as CHRIST would have us live. That is our shame. That is our confession. Therefore we weep in penitence between the porch and the altar. We cannot be too much ashamed. We cannot weep too many tears.

But, since it is pitifully true that we are not living as a nation at the level of CHRIST's law, it may be that the *Old Testament* has something still to say to us for our comfort and help. And it is this: that though this lower moral condition in which we groan and fight is not CHRIST's own—is not of His kingdom; it, nevertheless, may prepare for Him—may lead to Him. It may have His kingdom for its goal and consummation. This War may point the way to His peace. For this is what actually happened in old days—under the Old Testament. There were wars and rumours of wars, horrible outrages, massacres, tumults, savageries, plagues, desolations. But still we can see from the Book that it was moving on towards a determined end. Still, it spoke of a CHRIST that was to be. Still, it drove on nearer and nearer towards a holy consummation, a far-off divine event. Still, it was true that down this bloodstained road came, at last, the Prince of Peace. That is the fact—the strange fact. You can read it all in black and white in the Book. You can see how it actually proved true that this terrible welter was being led to this result. The purpose of GOD held on through it. Out of the very heart of the trouble and the pain,



the strife and the agony, it made straight for its anticipated goal, and finally attained its long-delayed end, when, at last, under the stars there was a cry, filling the wide heaven, of glory to GOD and peace to men of goodwill: for to us a Child had been born, lying in a manger on the hay. That Child was the outcome of all the wars. That fact stands there, as a sure pledge that what GOD did then He may be doing now—He is willing to do now, if we work with Him. So that even now, though the War is evidence enough that the Child is not born in our hearts, it yet may be leading straight to His coming. We may be on the road towards Bethlehem. And the issue of it all may be the good news of peace.

Is not that comfort enough? We might have courage to endure all the terror that this War inflicts, if only we were sure that it was no meaningless misery—that it had not carried us outside GOD's control—that, after all, down this sad road of anguish the Prince of Peace shall come. CHRIST is not yet King and Lord. No! That, indeed, we bitterly confess under the conviction of sin which the War works in us. He is not yet come. No! But through it all He is coming. And through the War we may be made ready for the blessed day of His arrival. If, only, the War convicts us of that sin which peace disguises and conceals. If, only, we humble ourselves under the judgment, and confess our wrongs and deplore our shame. If, only, under the fire of War, we win our way to the broken spirit and the contrite heart. If, only, we are broken in the furnace of affliction. If, only, we will strip ourselves bare of pride and lay ourselves in penitence at His feet. If this be the fruit of the conviction worked by War—then, that is the very highway down



which the SAVIOUR comes. That is the road by which He “travels from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah—He that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength.” He is coming. He will be here. And the woe of the War is worth while—if through it we find our way to Him in whom all wars are at an end.



## IV

### THE LOGIC OF WAR

THE War is weary, ugly, and relentless. The drag of it is horrible. Somehow, our enemy has a way of making it take every hideous and repulsive form of which it is capable. His passion for system and for thoroughness, which is so admirable in scientific and intellectual work, impels him here to push the idea of War to its uttermost conclusion. And this is fatal. For Man, by going to war, has confessed his failure to live at his true human level. He has been driven down to a lower plane from which he may hope to rise again and recover his moral footing. He, inevitably, loses much, in the dire process, of that which makes him man. His one hope is that he should not lose all. Even in war, even in descending to the level of the fighting beast, he can, still, retain something of that which makes men not bestial but human. He can still appeal to some code of honour, some standard of humanity, some touch of generosity, some law of self-control. This is the salt that has saved War from becoming irredeemable. It may be illogical: but it is salvation, for all that. Just to be able to respect each other: just to retain the human deference toward one another: just to refrain from the worst savagery: just to recognize that there are some limits to what even an enemy may do to an enemy: just



to keep some kind of honourable temper in interpreting the rules of warfare : just to show that we have not forgotten that we are fellow-men—all this serves to hold off from war that horrible degradation of character which comes about when every limit has been abandoned, and every form of decent restraint thrown to the winds, and the ferocious logic of War has been pressed to yield its last barbarous conclusion, unrelieved and unashamed. It is so easy to work the down-grade argument. It is so easy to work the down-grade logic. When you have justified the carnage of our concentrated Artillery before the battle of Neuve Chapelle, how are you going to throw up hands of horror at the yellow cloud of asphyxiating gas? War is War : and it is mere hypocrisy to set up a fanciful line of your own, and then scream at anything that goes beyond it.

Exactly ! That is the logic : and that logic is fatal. War is not all War : it is only made tolerable by that in it which refuses to surrender to the logic of War. After all, man carries *himself* into war : and that means that he never can fight as a beast fights. He never can abandon wholly his right to control his own action. He never loses all sense of responsibility. If once he did this in war, the war would cease to be a human affair at all. It would be bestial. And it would be this, with all the additional intensity with which human capacities had endowed it. That is why the merciless use of scientific skill in prosecuting war is so especially repulsive. The beast does not fight with subtle scientific poisons. These are the prerogative of the fighting man : and it is revolting if, just in their use, he denies his manhood, and appeals solely to the beast in him.

•



But, perhaps, it is good for us that every disguise should be ruthlessly torn down : and war presented in its naked horror, as a wholly hideous and inhuman thing, stripped bare of all that softens, or dignifies, or moralizes it. The German method of carrying it on has certainly succeeded in making this the ugliest war that man has ever waged. Nothing gay, or glittering, or kindly, or chivalrous seems to remain. If we all emerge from this merciless experience, disillusioned, and horrified : incapable of cheers, unblinded by victory, only conscious of the grim and gruesome nightmare from out of which we have escaped : then, the Prussian " frightfulness " will have worked into us a conviction which perhaps nothing less hateful could have done. If this is what the logic of War drives us to, then War is self-convicted. It has exposed its own ugliness.

But, if this conviction is to emerge into reality, it intensifies the dread necessity of breaking the temper which has forced us to the conviction. And that temper is as yet untouched. Nothing has yet made Prussianism hateful to Prussians. The logic of War is as strong as ever. Even when it forces them to the later outrageous acts, such as the use of noxious gases, or of poison for the wells, its grip on them is unshaken. Whatever War demands is lawful, simply because War demands it. Down and down the syllogism works to ever lower levels. Those who work it have not yet begun even to suspect a logic which lands them in conclusions from which every human instinct recoils. Therefore, everybody who is learning to loathe war more and more, is set, with a sterner face, to the task of breaking the temper which lies behind the logic. I do not see how to escape from this dilemma. It is



the Pacifist who finds himself compelled to ask for the hardest terms of Peace. For, until this temper is broken, there is no hope for the world's peace. All the horror of a Peace armed to the teeth would repeat itself. We should occupy our whole Peace in preparing for the next inevitable war. The Nightmare of Armaments would be on us in a yet more appalling shape. Here, again, it is the relentlessness of German logic which has exhibited the criminal folly of the old adage, "*si vis pacem, para bellum.*" The formula had just its quantum of truth, if interpreted with all the thousand qualifications which human common sense and equity gave to it. A Nation tempts attack by being obviously unready. She must make it quite clear what it is that she means and what it is that she would defend with all her power. These are truisms. But, then, the ridiculous childish logic takes it up and reduces it to an absurdity, if it means that peace is to be used simply as an opportunity in which to devise the secret plots by which any country with which you may one day be at war, will be at your mercy on the day that war begins. Civilized Life cannot be carried on under such conditions. Peace, instead of being the norm of Civilized Existence, becomes a mere deceit, a farce, a lie. All its confidence is undermined. Instead of creating trust, it is the seed-time of suspicion. We cannot go back to that delusion again, now that we have seen what it means under the interpretation of Prussianism. We have got, therefore, a long way yet to go. And the struggle is one of life and death for Europe. Germany, for all its glory of self-sacrifice, does stand for an intolerable and baneful lie. The Allies, for all their faults, do still stand for the only possible life that free nations can ever endure to live.



We go forward, with a deeper sorrow, but with a surer and yet more resolute Will.

There is a dim and grim comfort, in the heart of all this woe, in recognizing the unconquerable courage of the human race. The ancient record was behind us : and we knew something of its terror. So much had been dared ! Such awful centuries of blood and horror had been endured ! We hardly ventured to imagine what the rise and fall of the World-Empires had meant in the doing of it. We only saw that this strange race of ours had fought, and bled, and suffered, and hungered, and died, without flinching from the task set before it, without ever despairing, without shrinking from paying the cost, with some blind momentum still at work within, carrying it forward towards some felt but unknown goal. And we, who had stepped into the places of the dead generations, were now high-wrought, high-strung, nervous, self-conscious, doubtful of issues, doubtful of ourselves, feverish, anxious, fretful, incoherent. Should we ever do as they did, if the stress came ? Should we have the capacity to endure, the spirit to hold together, the faith that no fear can daunt, the pluck that never flinches, the scorn of death, the hate of wrong, the willing heart to give up all that is dear for the Cause ? It seemed incredible ; we knew our weakness too well. Yet here is the most savage and appalling slaughter that man has ever faced : here is death on a scale beyond all record : here is the apparatus of destruction raised to a level of efficiency far beyond all the wildest dreams of the past : here is a War waged under conditions that draw on the nerve of man beyond all calculation—a war waged in the air, and under the sea, with unprecedented fury : a war that outclasses all others in range, and



toughness, and fierceness, and fury. And Humanity goes straight at it—with just the old historic, dogged, unbroken determination. It stops at nothing. It is never daunted. It flings life and treasure away, without a quiver. It moves under the pressure of its destiny, and somehow knows that it is worth while.



## V

### HISTORY IN MAKING

HISTORY is horribly real and ugly. That is what we are learning. We have played about it in books. It is a most fascinating study. And, of late years, it has been opening out on every side, in wonderful outlooks and far-reaching vistas. The long human story has been brought out of darkness into light, and we can travel back over long centuries that once were closed to us, and get inside the light of days long dead, and feel the pulse of buried generations of men. We follow, with delighted interest, the rise and fall of empires. We note the arrival of novel forces and their dramatic effects. We see great historic personalities pass across the stage : and disappear. We gather up the gains : and take the measure of each recoil and advance. Nothing can be more attractive than the sense of mastery over the heart of man which this study of his history makes our own. As recorded there in the books it fascinates. But, now, we are engaged, not in writing about it, or reading it, but in making it. And the making of it is dreadful. Here, at last, is the real thing, about which we have read so much. This, then, is what those old dead peoples and forgotten nations went through. This is what they saw, and felt, as the grim machinery ground out its output. This is the cost at which ideas come into play. This is the method



by which they signalize their arrival. This is the furnace into which the moulds are cast : and this the fire by which the novel issues are purged and fused. How the terrible tongues leap and lick at the bars ! How the flames roar round the hot walls ! We shrink : and cower : and tremble. It is so fierce : so merciless : so savage. The wheels of the giant mechanism stop at nothing. And the process is so hideous : so inhuman. Even as at the first making of the present earth, it is a wild and repulsive welter of volcanic forces, out of which creation comes to the birth.

Yes ! This is history in making. And, while it is making, how confused and aimless and blind it is ! In the books we already hold the clue in our hands. We know what will be the end. We can see, securely and confidently, how the manifold movements, influences, tendencies, currents, lead up to some historic result. We can sweep in a century at a glance : we read off the issues of some long racial collision in a happy phrase : and sum up its curve in a formula. So we glide from page to page, with easy assurance, as the decisive drama unfolds itself in swift picturesque moments and tragic crises. The meaning of it all is so clear and so intelligible, as it works itself out to the obvious and inevitable conclusion. Guided by our knowledge of the end, everything that happened falls into its place, leads up to the great consummation, contributes to the ultimate issue. So, under the hand of the historian, the past justifies itself as an orderly and rational sequence of events, moving from point to point towards its goal. That is how it appears when once it is all over and done with. But, now, with us, while it is still in the making, the issue is unknown and uncertain : and we have no sure inter-



pretation to offer : and no clear assurance of the right conclusion. Everything is in doubt. We are inside the turmoil and the hubbub, as the gigantic forces at play go roaring to their work. We are caught in the tangle and confusion : we are deafened by the noise : we are blind with the dust of the conflict. We cannot see what is going forward : nor understand what is happening : nor estimate our chances. We are the creatures of the day and of the hour : swayed by irrational moods : flung to and fro from panic to relief, from elation to dismay.

And then, again, this big historical movement translates itself into the terms of our own flesh and blood. It is for us a matter of wrecked homes : of cruel losses : of hapless widows : of broken-hearted mothers : of hopes shattered : of love despoiled and defeated. We know little of what will come of it all : or of what the earth will be when all this madness is over : or what will be the face of this our own England in the years to come. Only we know that everything on which we had set our hearts is hopelessly swept out of sight. Our fair expectations have gone by the board. Chaos has come, when we looked for order and peace ; grim necessities have laid merciless hands on our stored resources. The labour of years for social welfare and for the uplifting of the down-trodden is arrested : broken off short : scattered to the winds. Elaborate schemes for bettering the case of the poor and needy tumble down into fragments. We can foresee nothing ahead. We know not how the crisis may end. We can anticipate nothing. We stare out into darkness, wondering how the strange storm, that bellows in the night, will ever wear itself out. By faith I am sure that GOD will, at last, work out His own Will ; and



bring His judgment to victory. But I have to hold to this, by force of faith alone. For the moment no one has any power to foresee anything at all. What will Europe be? How will the nations stand? What motives will govern the rearranging of the map? With what hopes shall we start again in the sweet and sane life of civilization and peace? A blackness, as of night, hangs over it all. Blind guesses only serve to reveal how utterly ignorant we are. We can but wait : and pray : and prepare to learn what GOD will finally, through much tribulation and anguish, disclose to us. Well for us, if we can take our stand by the loyal but trembling prophet—and be found as penitent and beloved as he : “ In those days, I Daniel was mourning three full weeks, and I was grieved in my spirit : and the visions of my head troubled me. And I was left alone : and there remained no strength in me, and my comeliness was turned into corruption. Yet heard I the voice of his words : and behold ! an hand touched me, and set me upon my knees and upon the palms of my hands.” So praying : so lying with our face to the ground : we may plead as he pleaded : “ O Lord, hear : O Lord, forgive. O Lord, hearken and do. Defer not, for Thine own sake, O my God. For we do not present our supplications before Thee, for our own righteousness, but for Thine own great mercies.”

So we live before GOD—in the darkness. And, in the meantime, we can but follow stage by stage along the bitter days. We sicken with a great fear, as we open the paper for the morning's news. We look anxiously down the terrible list of deaths and wounds, dreading what name our eye may catch, and feeling the weight of unknown grief, as the long lines of the dead in rank



and file tell of the innumerable sorrows that are hidden from our eyes. And up and down the streets, we watch the poor fellows limping, with leg or foot or arm gone, with bandaged head and maimed body. And we tell over the daily toll of dead in the trenches, under the pitiless hail of shells, and the women and babes killed in our streets by wicked bombs. And we know that behind, somewhere, there are hospitals filled with men whose minds have broken under the tumult of this "hell," and whose nerve is shattered. They are pitifully struggling to recapture their lost manhood. And then, again, there are all the silent underground harshnesses, that dog the open war, the shooting of spies and deserters, the unintended and unrecorded savageries, the brutal accidents. So we are swept along in the wake of a great curse.

And this is history, from inside the terrible facts. This is the actual material in which it works itself out. Of course the other side is all true. The large purpose, which the record in the books tracks out for us, is perfectly genuine and right. When this awful War is long past and over, and the dust of the conflict has been laid, and the fury of the storm has spent itself, and there is fallen a great calm, then the wise men will write their books once more, and trace the real living issues that were at stake, and sum up the significance of the straining hours. They will be justified. But, in doing so, they will (perforce) have omitted that which history means to those, through whose souls and bodies it tears out its way to ultimate truth—those who fall and bleed under its chariot-wheels—those who actually drink of its cup and are baptized by its blood. History, felt and experienced from within, must always be a very different thing to history that we overlook as



spectators from without. And it is just this difference that is driving its terrible reality into us to-day, as we suffer, and fear, and mourn.

What lesson can we wring out of this dismal experience? I think that we can win to a fuller knowledge of the amazing love and pity of GOD for man, as we realize, with an intensity never before possible, how seriously the dear LORD JESUS took upon Himself the reality of our human life, when He refused, in His desire for our redemption, to abhor anything that came upon Him through His birth from the Virgin's womb. We have always believed that in Him GOD made our human history His medium of self-revelation. And, now, we are facing the full meaning of that familiar truth. This that we are feeling to be so sore, and ugly, and cruel, and horrible, is the history that He adopted as His own. These are the facts which became the facts of His experience. Nothing of this, that we find so harsh, was eased for Him. He took it at its very worst. He was inside it—as we are.

And, in all this, He was setting his seal on the Jew's inspired intuition. For it was the Jew who had had the audacity to look the facts straight in the face, as they stood, and declare: "There, in these, GOD Himself is at work. There is the Divine Manifestation." It needed, as we now see, an amazing spiritual courage to make that declaration. For the Jew certainly knew history, as he spoke, from inside, as we know it to-day. He knew but too well how bitter it could be: how ugly: how savage: how relentless. He was again and again to be battered and hammered under its blows. Israel was to lay out her body in the dust that the tyrannies of earth might go over her. She was to be broken: scattered: down-trodden: under the world-move-



ments of empires. Yes ! But she never let this furious experience break her faith in the GOD who had made this history to be the medium of His revelation. Still, in the facts themselves, for all their harshness, she detected the purpose of His pity and His pardon. This detection was made not only by the after-historians, like the authors and later editors of the Books of Chronicles, writing as reflective spectators some centuries after the events had occurred ; but, also, by the Prophets, living in the very heart of the disasters, from inside the terrible events, while they were happening : just at the moment when everything conspired to darken and disturb their vision of the divine purpose. So Jeremiah (above all the others) wrote his first words from out of the wreckage of the national existence : amid the ruins of the Holy City. The facts, assuredly, were none the less harsh or cruel at the time, because GOD was at work through them. The prophetic conviction that they would issue in a divinely-secured event did nothing to diminish the acute agony that they actually inflicted. This is what we so often forget. Looking back on those far days, and knowing how the advent of the CHRIST was prepared for by them, we fancy that this glorious end would make it easy to bear them at the time. But, at the time, the assurance of prophecy can only have been an act of desperate faith, while the actual horror and misery of the moment burnt in upon the suffering flesh with terrible urgency and insistence. The agony is just as much agony—whatever the issue is going to be. And it was in the agony of so enduring it that the Prophets still saw GOD.

And as they, so above all, the CHRIST. The unswerving confidence that “ the FATHER was,” even in



death, "glorifying the SON," did not prevent Him from feeling the full violence of horror and distress, as the sense of death overwhelmed Him in the Upper Chamber, and He was vehemently shaken under its invasion. Nor did it stay the blood-sweat from His brow under the olives in Gethsemane. As He took on His lips, in the blackest hour of all, the cry from the Psalm: "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"—He showed that He remembered how the bitter experience recorded in that Psalm closed in victory: yet, still, He uttered the passionate cry of protest, as the voice of His own present desolation; for the misery of the divine withdrawal, while it lasted, was just as poignant as if there were no victory to follow. So real, and so harsh, and so terrible, was the Cross and Passion for Him, who was no spectator of it, from without, looking forward to all that it was to achieve: but was actually shut up inside its bitterness, its ugliness, its savagery, its blindness, its staggering horror, and felt through every tingling nerve the sting of those rude slaps on the face in the rough barrack-room, and the buffets of the insolent servants, and the shameful indignity of the spitting. Believe me, the history into which CHRIST entered was no allegory: no fairy drama: no dogmatic scheme: because GOD overruled it for good. It was a concrete matter-of-fact—experienced in flesh and blood, from inside. We shall never know JESUS CHRIST, unless we recognize how nakedly and pungently real the suffering and humiliation of it were to Him.

Perhaps, as we sicken and quail to-day, tasting, from inside, the hours of dreadful suspense and anxiety, and panic and pain, in which the storm and stress of history in the making tramples us down into the very



*test* dust of death—we, humbled and frightened, shall be able to creep a little nearer to this dear LORD of ours, who knows all its misery. We shall be knit closer to Him by sympathy with that sorrow with which He let all the storms of the dark hour go over Him. He, too, lay whelmed under its blind flood. He, too, could only yield, and break, and go under. “It is your hour,” He cried, “and the power of darkness.” “My GOD! my GOD! Why hast thou forsaken me?” So drawn within His pity—clinging to His strength—enfolded in His warm heart, we may dare to take our place amid the ranks of those unknown multitudes whose names and whose sufferings history cannot remember, who lie behind and below its record: and who pass away under the cloud, without a sign. We can pass as they passed, for we know that what history cannot remember GOD keeps in mind. Not one is unnamed: not one is forgotten: for GOD sent His SON to take up all human history into Himself and make it His own. He is ours: in very deed: bruised and wounded as we are to-day. He knows all from inside: for in the days “of His flesh, He Himself offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears: and was heard in that He feared. Even though He was a SON, He verily learned obedience by the things that He suffered.” That is our royal charter. That is our assurance. It was just as real to Him as it is to us. “He was touched by our infirmities.” We need not fear lest we be forgotten and not understood. This is what individualizes the abstractions of history. He knows His own by name.



## VI

### THE MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY

ADVENT and Christmas have come round again : and we have breasted them as well as we could in the temper that they normally demand. We tried to listen for the movement of the chariot-wheels : for the cry in the night : for the trumpet of the new day. Once again the heavens would break open with songs of peace and goodwill : and a Child would be born to be our salvation. We would brace ourselves to tell out the good news. We would rise and carry the light far and wide to them that still sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. The earth should yet be full of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea. If only we would put fresh heart into our mission work. If only we would remember that the Church is Apostolic : sent abroad to those who have not heard : missionary in its very essence : an organ of expansion and growth. So we prayed : so we longed.

Yet, this year, there was to be felt round about us as we prayed, a sinister whisper, which chilled our blood, and unnerved our will, and blurred our hope. The whisper seemed to come from all sides—from east and west, and north and south. It came from those lands that lay under the darkness, to which our light was due. It came as a retort upon our offer of salvation—a retort that gathered strength as its meaning



became plain. It rose into a loud clamour, battering at our doors, besieging our ears, frightening our hearts, shattering our confidence. And as we listened to it, we knew what it was saying. The taunt stung, as with a whip of scorn. "Physician!" it was saying, "heal thyself!" "You come with your message of peace and goodwill: with your news of a CHRIST born upon the earth who should be a Prince of Peace to all nations. How do you dare to deliver your message at an hour like this? How ludicrous, how grotesque, your language sounds. Why, just look at home. Look at home, for we have eyes and can see what is happening there. (So the heathen must be saying with one voice.) There Christianity is making a public exhibition of its power to save and bless. Now we know what it has to give us. By its fruits it is judged. We see the whole Christian world at war with itself: in horrible death-grips. There is war in the bloody trenches: war in the air and in the sea. Wide lands are loaded down with dead bodies that no one can bury. Poor populations are wandering, homeless and starved, driven out of pillaged and burning villages. Hideous and obscene savageries stain the earth, and disgrace humanity. Innocent women and children are wilfully and cruelly bombed and drowned. Hidden mines, secret fuses, work their dreadful treacheries. Men, frenzied with passion, stab each other to death with bayonets in the shuddering light of the flames that startle the night. And the madness still spreads: and fresh nations are drawn into the hideous war. You propose to go on until one side or the other has been worn to death by endless killing. And while this terrifying spectacle is filling heaven and earth with its horror, and we are shrinking back, appalled at a sight



out-Heroding all that man has ever done of carnage and destruction, you actually invite us to accept the Gospel that has brought you to this. You bid us cheerfully believe that, if only we accept it, it will bring us peace and goodwill. Is this the best sample you can offer of the power of your CHRIST to heal the woes of the world? And, with this going on under our very eyes, do you really expect us to join a Creed which leads to this? You must be credulous indeed. Physician, heal thyself."

Well, we deserve all that. Our LORD could put the taunt aside: but we cannot. It has far too much truth in its sting. Yes! we will own up. We confess. We have got to heal ourselves. And, what is more, we are bent on doing it. That is exactly what this War has brought home to us. It has convinced us that our Christianity is sick—our Christianity is poisoned—our Christianity is convicted. We have betrayed it. We have been false to it. If it were not so, we could not have engaged in this War. We have failed to retain our Christianity in its true and normal health. We have weakened it by pride, by covetousness, by the inordinate love of riches, by luxury, by selfishness, by worldliness, by national jealousies, by commercial greed, by suspicion and hate of rival peoples, by ambition, by exploiting of weaker races, by gambling, by drink, by lust and lies, by blind devilries, by godless cruelty, by heartless indifference. So the wrong has gone very deep. Self-deceit glozed it from us: until, in the wild glare of War, the worst stood out disclosed. Without this damning proof, we could not have believed it of ourselves. We should have gone on fancying all was well: that we really were Christian: that we were actually and honestly following our LORD.



A strong tradition of faith hid from us the working of the gangrene in the flesh. We were unaware of our own corruption. But now we know it. The verdict is written in letters of flame that every one can read. It is impossible to escape from their terrible declaration. We have let it come to this that we see all round us with horror-stricken eyes. Certainly this sorry spectacle cannot be the proper outcome of Christianity. Our foes may make the taunt, but we know better. Nay! What we see is the defiance of Christianity: it is the denial of Christianity. It is an outrage on CHRIST'S Honour. It is a betrayal of His Name.

So with bitter shame we confess our sins. We will bow to the scourge that we deserve. We will submit to purge, and knife, and discipline. We will seek the only true Physician of our souls. We will turn and be healed of our grievous wounds. We will take the words to heart: "Physician, heal thyself." And we have this one great comforting assurance—that Christianity, if it has to be healed, can heal itself. This is its eternal privilege—verified down the long line of the centuries—by every page of its history. This is what the story proves—that, however decadent Christianity may become, it can never sin away out of its life the CHRIST who, by the Power of the Spirit, is present at its heart of hearts. No sin of Christians touches the sinless LORD. He abides on the throne, stainless, as at the first. No sinful centuries can defile His will. Still, the pure waters of life run, clear and white, out of this untainted fount. And, therefore, always and for ever Christianity holds in itself the secret of its own recovery. It can begin again. It can be reborn unto the sons of the morning. It can slough its weary sins. It can wash and be clean.



Always over it, as it lies paralysed and diseased, seeking for the waters that it cannot reach, stands and stoops the same blessed figure of Him who is still saying, after all the bitter wicked years, "Wilt thou be made whole? Rise and walk and sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee." Therefore, the story of Christianity has always been a story of revivals. It falls: but it never falls beyond the limits of recovery. That is the witness of the Church as, time after time, when sloth and worldliness have seemed to be her death, she has found a strange power within her by which she has shaken herself free from her shroud, and come forth like Lazarus from the tomb.

And a Christianized civilization has discovered itself to be possessed of the same ineradicable secret. Of old, as we are learning from the unrecorded buried civilizations that we unearth in Crete, or Babylonia, or Assyria, when once a civilization had become corrupt there was no way of recovery open. It had to be swept out in fire and blood while some new race of undamaged blood took its empty place, and carried on the task which it had been found unable to sustain. But civilization, since it has been quickened by the Spirit of CHRIST, though it sin all the sins of those perished peoples, yet can always survive. It can revive the years that the locust hath eaten. It can recapture that which it had lost. For it has a source (hidden far below its corrupt surface) of undying efficiency, and, if only it turns to it again, the word of CHRIST has still its ancient power, and, under that word it can rise and stand upon its feet.

Now that surely is what we Christians are becoming aware of under the discipline of this dreadful day. We have sinned: we have done amiss: we must be



healed. CHRIST has not been really ours. We have played Him false. We have wrecked His good Name. We are very shamed : very penitent : very anxious. We must seek to be saved from this our death. And we mean to do it. And, we know it can be done. For CHRIST is alive for evermore. He is willing as ever : and strong. He is the bright and morning Star. He is our Hope—our Stay—our strong Redeemer. We, in and by Him, have this most sure and precious certainty that it can be done—that we can “heal ourselves.”

Certainly we need it. We could not have had a more stringent disclosure of our parlous state. And as we gaze at the awful scene, stricken into shameful panic by the sight of the deeds of which we are capable, and ask in amazement, how is it credible? how can such things be? how did it all come about? the answer is perfectly plain. It came about, because the nations of Europe were living a life which denied the law of CHRIST. They lived by force of armaments : they distrusted one another, despised one another, hated one another : they lived by antagonism to one another ; they relied on guns and ships, on armies and navies : their whole international existence was one of doubt, fear, competition ; they plotted, and spied, and lied. They trusted in riches : in power : in the abundance of their resources. And on all these things CHRIST has laid His curse. They refused to live in the bonds of brotherhood, in the unity of a common interest, in the fellowship of humanity. They would not believe themselves to be members of one Body, citizens of one city, heirs of a common heritage, knit into a common hope by the one Spirit. And this was what CHRIST blessed. Yet, while they repudiated everything which



He had commanded, they dared to call themselves by His Name. So they added insult to injury. And, therefore, it is that they have made His name a by-word: and have taught the heathen to blaspheme CHRIST: and have put GOD to an open shame. But JESUS CHRIST is still the Prince of Peace. It is not His Gospel that has brought this War about. It is the refusal to believe in Peace and Goodwill that has plunged us into this disgrace. If only we were healed of our sin, if only He would make us His, we should find ourselves at peace. This nightmare of war would have been broken up. A new earth and a new heaven would have been born. A new Jerusalem might yet be seen coming down from heaven to earth, in which the nations of the redeemed would walk at ease, with songs of everlasting joy upon their heads; and sorrow and sighing would all have fled away.

It is of all this that we must be healed. That is our first confession. We are healed by penitence. And one main form which the penitence will take will be a passionate desire that the good Name of CHRIST should be cleared of all that beclouds it—that His Honour, which we have covered with disgrace, should be justified to those heathens from whom our shame has hidden it. They must be saved from condemning CHRIST through our failure to represent Him. We must enable them to see the true Face of JESUS our Master and King—by right of which they might be changed from glory to glory. We must do something to repair the wrong we have done to His reputation. We must explain to them how little our misdoings can sully His flag or disfigure His truth. He is still the one Bond that can knit all peoples, and tribes, and races, and nations into one fellowship—into one peace. These



new people, if they once were brought in, would be more faithful than we have been. Those wonderful Eastern populations, with their loyalty to spiritual calls, might put the CHRIST to such far better use than we with our earthly worldliness can ever do. They would understand so far better all that He had to say of sacrifice and detachment : and purity : and devotion. Those religious millions of India will dare to commit themselves to these deep inspirations with such far finer courage than we have ever put out. The vast populations of China, with their passion for homely family life, and for civic virtue, and with their profound hatred of war, will understand so much in CHRIST that we have missed. And there are those Bantu races—over all the expanse of Africa—with their splendid capacity for devotion, which puts to shame our cold-hearted worship. They will find in CHRIST what we have never discovered. Such delicate secrets there are in His Name, which our blunt common sense passes by unsuspected. Such rich resources which our callous touch can never release. Indeed, we have made a pitiful mess of our religion. We have flinched from its high demands. We have left so much of it alone, and have never attempted to put it seriously into practice. We have glorified so much that it condemns. We have ignored so much that it sanctions. We have been so worldly, so over-busy, so ambitious, so turbulent, so self-seeking, so covetous, so pugnacious. We have never let the CHRIST kill out in us those passions which He denounces. Surely these others will do better. They will be more loyal, if we will but pass the message on to them, undisgraced by our failures, unruined by our faintheartedness, so that they can hear and receive the clear, clean, perfect



truth as it is, not in us, but in CHRIST JESUS our LORD.

To pass on that word. To send out that invitation. To Evangelize the world. That is included in our healing. We shall never be healed unless our penitence for the past takes the missionary form. So, we dare, out of our very shame, to believe that we have good news to carry abroad: a real and living Gospel to declare. We can begin again as at the very beginning. We can begin as if there were no sins of ours in the way. We can go back as to the first Advent, and hear the cry of the Coming: "Behold! the LAMB of GOD." All this is ours to-day, in spite of all the wicked past that lies behind us—just because we are in CHRIST, who is, for ever and for ever, being born again upon the earth. And for ever making all things new.

Let us begin, then, once more, as if we had never yet begun. Begin to work a little for CHRIST. Begin to learn how interesting it is to tell out His message—to see that it reaches those who are so far off. Do it out of very shame. In reparation. To retrieve the disaster of the war by which we have loaded down His Honour and besmirched His Name under the cloud and weight of our sins. We are under challenge not to let the heathen world judge Him by what we have made of Him. We have done so much to wreck His opportunity by the discredit we have brought upon Him. Let us at least do something before it is too late to secure that they may know Him as He really is.



## VII

### THE POWER OF THE CHILD

IN the thick of the battle, in the heart of its tumult, with its roar in men's ears, its fire and fury, its garments rolled in blood, "a Child was born." That was God's counter-stroke. He pitted that Child against the whole weight of man's violence. In it, by it, He drove His own way in upon the stormy scene. He took a Child, and set Him in the midst. That would be enough. That would win. That would overpower all this rage and riot. Here is His answer to our cries for help. We are sore driven : smitten : stricken. Our hearts fail us for fear, and for looking upon those things that are coming upon the earth. We turn to Him who alone can save out of such an hour of agony and darkness. What will He do ? How will He lay bare His right arm ? How will He vindicate His righteousness, His royalty ? How will He subdue His enemies under His feet ? Well ! This is His way. This is His deliverance. "A Child is born." "A Son is given." Look, there it lies, in its manger. So small, so tender, so helpless ! But it will be enough. In it is stored wisdom, and strength, and royalty, and dominion. It is the strongest thing alive in this world. There is nothing that it will not master. This hideous rout of battle, these storming warriors, these thundering hosts, this savage tumult, this welter of storm and blood, will



yield, will break, will pass, will vanish. Its wicked story will be rolled up : and forgotten. Just because "a Child has been born," whose Name is Wonderful, Counsellor, the Prince of Peace. The government shall be upon His shoulder : and He shall reign for ever and ever.

We stand to-day in the black heart of the same battle as of old. The wicked noise is in our ears. The same flames shake and roar. There are garments rolled in blood. Our war is, indeed, worse than theirs. It is yet more violent, more cruel, more vast, more brutal. Our terrible shrapnel does more hideous work than those Syrians ever dreamed of. Our gases blind and stifle. The air rains blood. The mines maim, torture, crush. There are outrages more dastardly and more heartless than these heathen hosts could conceive, worked by hideous explosives secretly buried in the holds of ships. Women with their babies are ruthlessly murdered at sea by shell and torpedo, without warning, without pity, without shame. The fierce hate in the heart of men has caught fire from hell. In our recoil the black blood stirs, and passionate anger tempts us to fierce reprisal. But God has another and a better way for us all. He makes His appeal to both warring nations. He intervenes with His own right arm. "A Child is born." That is the way out of the trouble. That is the solution of the strife. A Child is enough : for it is His and ours.

It is enough : for it has power behind it. It is not a counter-ideal : as if the world might be left to its wars while God's own people turned aside or fled away to worship an innocent and harmless Child. In that Baby-Child God puts out power over the world—power over against war. In the strength of the Child He



will bind the strong man of sin. All the violence of war is weaker than the power of the Child. For the Child has in it the whole energy of GOD: and its Name is "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." It will enter in weakness, as a little child: winning its way into the very heart of this sinning and suffering world of ours. But, once lodged within, once in possession of the heart of hearts, from that secured hold, it will put out a force that will subdue and repress and beat under, and overpower, and master, and expel, and destroy, the wicked fabrics built up by age-long evil, the fortresses within which sin has entrenched itself, the vile mass of obstructive custom and prejudice which withholds the free passage of the Divine Will. It will trample down the hostilities of hate, and lust, and greed. It will break in pieces the tyrannies of wrong. So the great Christmas Psalms ring out the triumph of the Child that is born. He is to go "forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber": rejoicing "as a giant to run his course." "Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty: according to thy worship and renown. Ride on, because of the word of truth, of meekness, and of righteousness. Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity: wherefore GOD, even thy GOD, hath anointed thee with oil above thy fellows." "The Lord shall send the rod of thy power out of Zion: be thou ruler, even in the midst among thine enemies." For, indeed, in that tender babe at Mary's breast is to be seen the great stone made without hands which shall be flung by GOD out of heaven and break in pieces the sinful empires of gold, and silver, and iron, and brass, so that they shall be blown away like powder before the face of the wind, and be found no more. Nothing of them will



be left but only "a Child." Power, Dominion, Government shall be upon His shoulders. Under His sway all this horrible nightmare of war shall yet shudder away as a bad dream in the dawn. For He is come who is the Prince of Peace. And the heat of His passion for peace shall consume spear, and shield, and burn up the chariots of war in fire.

We must win from this Child the power to subdue wrong, and win the world for GOD. This power was won by Him as step by step He grew to full manhood, and took possession of His full inheritance in humanity, and finally closed with the arch-foe, in the terrible hour of darkness and judgment. There on His Cross He wrestled with principalities and powers, and overthrew and stripped them bare, and made a show of them openly. In that Cross and Passion He strove for the mastery: and prevailed. But even now, as a Child, His Epiphany of power has begun. He sets the standard by which civilization is judged. He declares where the seat of all true social force lies. It is in the child. The interest of the child is dominant and supreme over every other. Childhood is the one precious thing which Society must set itself to foster and preserve. In the little child lives hope for us all. Our old weary sins, our wicked wars, our rooted wrongs, our miseries and blunders, our ambitions and our greeds, fall away behind us. They can yet be blotted out and cancelled. For lo! unto us a "Child is born." There is always a new start open to us since the Childhood of CHRIST made every child sacred. A new generation is for ever beginning. It lies there in its cradle before our eyes, asking just one thing: that we should put away all that hurts and maims, and wounds, and poisons life—that we should cease to be



angry, and cruel, and base, and hateful—that we should see life to be the one holy thing which must suffer no injury, and must draw to its side every help and succour that we can bring it. The child must dominate : the child is on the throne : the child claims our uttermost service. The child is the standard of our laws and habits, our order and organization. On it we have to concentrate if we would save society. By it we must determine what we enforce and what we prohibit. How can it best be guarded, fed, nourished, educated ? How can things be so administered that it gains health and strength ? These are to become more and more the absorbing issues. If these interests could acquire the mastery, all the motives that make for war would be excluded, the rivalry of nations, the lust of power.

And with the child, the mother. She is there by the cradle. On her, round her, about her, all the stress of the child's welfare turns. The State that is conquered by the child, and that lays itself out to save the child, draws motherhood, inevitably, within the circle of its main cares. It sets its authority to work to secure for her the fair opportunity which, for the child's good, she requires. It releases her of undue pressure of work ; it draws to her the needful leisure : it compasses her about with the resources that are imperatively necessary. It upholds her in the dignity and honour of her task. All this is due to her from any community which has passed under the sway of the Babe that was born at Bethlehem to Mary its mother. " To us a Child was born." And now, therefore, every child and every mother are become a charge entrusted by GOD to us in the Name of His own SON once given. The character of a State will turn on the thoroughness and the care with which it fulfils this



charge. The full powers of the law will be put out to do the service of the child.

This is our hope. For this we will work when once we can escape from the black shadow that now lies so heavily on us : if once we are free to do the blessed obligations of peace. All the more will this be our paramount motive in labouring to recover from the waste of war, from the cruel loss of our best material, from the awful destruction of our manhood. We shall have to breed up a new and better and a stronger people. We shall have to look to it that the children born to recoup our desolation come to their true stature and are able to bear the weight of the old national tradition of honour. Every eye will be on the children. Every heart will turn to them. In them lies and lives the sole hope of the new day. If only we can save them from the blight and curse of our sins ! If only they can be delivered out of the terror of armaments, and out of the disgrace of national enmities, and out of the bitter poison of rival ambitions ! If only they can be bred clean and sweet, and kind-hearted, and gentle, as those to whom peace is as the very air they breathe, and war the one intolerable sin ! If only, by GOD's mercy, the call of the child be made supreme and dominant over all other interests, so that all the growth of wealth and all the development of power may be bent to the paramount need of breeding and building a purer and truer humanity ! " The wolf shall dwell with the lamb : and the leopard shall lie down with the kid : and the calf, and the young lions, and the fatling together : and a little child shall lead them."



## VIII

### GILBERT TALBOT

WE had not thought of tragedy for Gilbert. Somehow that had never entered into the dream that we dreamed of him. There was a lightness, a freshness, a buoyancy about him that told always of life to come. He was so young : and so ready for the frolic of being alive : and so alert and brimming and radiant. He took things gaily as they came along : and was ready for them all. He enjoyed the daily business of living with most hearty relish : and was always in the thick of it : and revelled in its activities and humour : and could talk it all over for ever and ever : and was keen for any debate that was going : and rollicked in the free play of wits : and loved argument and chaff, and social intercourse of every shade and shape : and could never tire of the good fellowship of old and young alike. He was alive at every pore.

And then there was so much high promise. He had the special gifts that carry men to the front places. He was wonderfully ready and effective in all forms of expression, whether by speech or writing. He always told at once. While a boy at Winchester he wrote a letter to an evening London paper, which wore an air of such weight and dignity that it drew into the field the leading Liberal organizer, in the belief that he was dealing with somebody of quite special importance,



to the immense amusement of Gilbert's friends. On leaving school he wrote an article for one of the Monthlies on Public School Life and Morality, which was not only extremely felicitous in style, but was singularly wise, and strong, and complete. He seemed so young in himself; but he wrote with a curious profundity on a matter of this kind. And the same note of paternal experience would often amuse the Union, as, in his boyish lightness of demeanour, he spoke as a father to his boys, out of the authority of one who had seen and known a larger world than they. The truth was that he loved getting to principles, and had great grips on moral standards, and a very keen psychological insight. He analysed motives admirably, and had a remarkably good judgment on practical perplexities. I once called him in to advise a father on a very perilous and complicated bit of school ethics, and I was immensely impressed with his combination of courage and wisdom. He was perfectly clear and strong in his judgment: yet gave consideration all round: and took his part with an authority and a force that could not be bettered. He had shown splendid moral courage at school, and had dedicated himself for several years, first by careful planning and then by the exercise of authority, as head of his house and prefect, to purging school life of its pollutions, and to relieving the smaller boys from fear of wrong. He was as clear and firm as a rock on all such matters: and had been singularly brave in giving his principles public and practical force. Whenever I was tempted to criticize his airy and careless looseness of manner, I used to recall this noble record of his in an arena so daunting and difficult as the big life of a great public school.



His capacity in writing was shown at its best, at the close of his Oxford career, by the sketch which he was invited to write for *The Times* of the Prince of Wales's career in the University. It was just right. It was very real and true : it had no humbug : it was perfectly happy in touch and tone.

But his fame, of course, had been won rather in speaking than writing. And, no doubt, here lay his special excellence. It brought him to the front in whatever company he found himself. He was really irrepressible. Whatever society or club he joined, he became at once its secretary or its chairman. He inevitably spoke for it. He could do it so easily, so quickly, with such felicity, with so much effect. He had the style, the equipment, the manner, to perfection. He already wore all the air of a leader of his party, and was in delightful command of himself and the situation. He was at his happiest in pure debate. He seized on the weaknesses of his adversary with really marvellous acuteness. He had his own points admirably ranged and handled. They were valid and clear, and precise. And he backed them with materials which he seemed always to have ready to hand. At his best, in all this debating business, he was really first rate. He made everything that he said tell for its full value.

He showed this power not only in his favourite field, the Union, but when, even in his Freshman's year, he ventured to counter Mr. Belloc, after some public lecture on Rome, I think : or, again, when he challenged the dry and clever Mr. M'Cabe, who had delivered an attack on Christianity which the Christian defenders were showing themselves but poorly able to repel.



As a debater he would certainly have gone far in after life. And he had high political ambitions. He saw visions of a better social order. He hoped for great things. His ideal chief was Mr. Arthur Balfour, at whose feet he sat. He delighted in what may be called the Cecilian temper—its alert and free intellectuality, its dialectical acuteness, its logical penetration and invincible courage. But he also cared deeply for the large human causes that drew all hearts together to work for the better day. And this is what gave for him such a large attraction to Mr. Lloyd George. Ever since the visit of the famous Welshman to Oxford for his address to the Union, while Gilbert was President, a most singular friendship was struck up between them. The older man would pour out his soul to the young fellow, telling him of his hopes of a Social Policy in which all parties might unite, so that, in twenty years, they might change the face of England in town and country.

Gilbert found himself irresistibly fascinated by this personal charm. For a time he fell back on Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll as a reconciling interpretation of the man whom he knew and the Limehouse orator : but, after a time, even this explanation went under. Only two days before his death he wrote to Mr. Lloyd George a delightful and intimate letter, telling him of the deep gratitude to him for his work on Munitions that was going up from the hearts of soldiers in the trenches who once had hardly been able to bear the sound of his name : and recalling again the visions of national welfare which he had opened out for him to follow. Mr. Lloyd George had only just read the letter, when he caught sight of Gilbert's name in the Roll of Honour.

For it was to be a deeper note, after all, that was



to be struck. Our hopes, our anticipations, our dreams had been all of life—a life that held in it such promise, such opportunities. Right across this came suddenly at a stroke the higher call, the gallant response, the swift silence of death, on the field of honour, in the hour of glory. He had given himself to the new obligation with dramatic decisiveness. For he had just started with a friend, Geoffrey Colman, for his great world tour, every detail of which had been carefully arranged for months before. The War broke out while they were crossing the Atlantic. They knew it first by the cheering and the bands with which the arrival of their ship was met at Quebec. They spent but six hours on land, and took the next steamer straight away home. Both joined the Rifle Brigade with which Gilbert was associated by his uncle General Neville Lyttelton, and by his brother Neville, Fellow of Balliol.

He set himself to the unusual training and discipline, and proved to be an excellent officer. His innate gift of leadership showed itself at once. He especially won the confidence of his men by his open talk to them about all that he wanted them to do and know. On being asked, in his military examination, what would be his first act when placing his platoon in a post of danger? he said: "I should call them all up and tell them what they were expected to do." This was exactly right, and singularly characteristic of the man. He gained greatly himself under the stress; he shed much of his careless disarray and casualness. He learned to concentrate. He lived no longer with "loose sleeves." He deepened in character. He thought more of others. He steadily got his own soul ready for the risks that he quite surely saw before him.

After the endless months, as they seem, of prepara-



tion, the last act came swiftly on. His Battalion was among the first of the New Army to be sent up to the front firing line. His brother Neville, who had been acting chaplain to his old regiment, saw him before and after his first bout in the trenches, and was struck again with the quick way in which Gilbert occupied the ground among his mates. He always took the lead ; it all buzzed round him ; it was " Gilbert " here and " Gilbert " there, and " Gilbert " everywhere.

After his first bout was over, he and his lot were ordered to hold one of those awful craters which a mine had blown out in front of Hooze. They held it, and had just come out of it, when the murderous attack with liquid fire recaptured it. They were turned back at once, after two hours' sleep, half away home, to remarch the eight miles already covered, and to be ready for the counter-attack on the captured trench. With nothing but that cup of tea, after the marching, they had to work their way by a communication trench through a wood that was being heavily shelled, and then rush an open one hundred and fifty yards. Gilbert's platoon had to lead the attack. He deployed his men on the edge of the wood, and made them lie down in a low ditch, until the artillery preparation was over. At the sound of five whistles, they were to make the rush. The whistles blew. Gilbert rose at once and leapt forward, crying : " Come along, lads, now's your time ! " But the platoon had lost heavily in the wood, and, what with this and the tumult, only twelve men could be found to follow him. He ran forward pointing the way with his arm, bidding his servant to keep close up with him. He was hit by a bullet in the neck. He fell : gave a smile to his servant, Nash, who tried to stem the gush of arterial blood ;



and rolled forward on his face. He was dead. Other bullets struck him, and one went through his heart. Nash was twice wounded himself, and was forced to leave him lying there.

When the officer of the next platoon, who had been told to follow and support Gilbert, emerged from the wood he could see no platoon to support. There was not a man left who was not hit. The attack had failed. There was never any hope of its succeeding, for the machine guns of the Germans were still in full play, with their fire unimpaired. The body had to lie there where it had fallen. But his brother, Neville, could not endure to let it lie unhonoured or unblest. After a day and a half of anxious searching for exact details, he got to the nearest trench by the "murdered" wood, which the shells had now smashed to pieces. There he found some shattered Somersets, who begged him to go no further. But he heard a voice within him bidding him risk it, and the call of the blood drove him on. Creeping out of the far end of the trench, as dusk fell, he crawled through the grass on hands and knees, in spite of shells and snipers, dropping flat on the ground, as the flares shot up from the German trenches. And at last, thirty yards away in the open, he felt that he was touching young Woodroffe's body, another subaltern, and knew that he was close on what he sought. Two yards further, he found it. He could stroke with his hand the fair young head that he knew so well; he could feel for pocket-book and prayer-book, and the badge and the whistle. He could breathe a prayer of benediction, commending the poor dead thing that had meant so much, to FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST: and then crawl back on his perilous way in the night, having done all that man could do for the brother



whom he had loved so fondly : and enabled, now, to tell those at home that Gilbert was dead indeed, but that he had died the death that a soldier would love to die, leaving his body the nearest of all who fell to the trench that he had been told to take. He crowned his life by this act of heroic decision. He leaped forward himself and made his sacrifice : and died, as he called others to follow where he led. He must have known perfectly well what was before him. He had said, before, that the officer who had to lead the first platoon on such a venture, had only one possible end to expect. In his own case the hope was forlorn : and he knew it. But he never flinched. He called, " Come on, lads," and he died with a smile on his lips.

A week later, on the following Sunday, his brother Neville again went out with three brave Tykes from a Yorkshire regiment, who leaped over the parapet, as soon as he asked their help, with a stretcher on which, under peril not so urgent as before, they bore back the poor blurred remains, to be laid to rest in a quiet cemetery under a wooden cross, which a kindly Engineer cut out for Neville, and wrote on it, of his own will, a word of Peace.

There the body lies. But he has gone into another life than we had chosen. And we cannot murmur. In the letters that pour in from his most intimate friends, even those who loved him in his home are startled at the witness borne, not merely to the superficial gifts of which they were so proud, but to the depth and strength of character with which he impressed some of the very best men of his time. They all speak of the elevation of tone which he forced upon his company : and how he had become dearer each year to them by this deep influence on their inner lives.



He had lived for his last year in lodgings, in most happy companionship with as good a set of men as could be found in Oxford, chiefly from Balliol. It was more especially with them that he grew to his ripe manhood. He was steadily coming through his faults. And this was no light business. For nature, in endowing him richly, had also made for him a character difficult to handle and to discipline. He could not be what he was, without being naturally self-conscious and self-interested. By necessity he came to the front in almost any company in which he found himself. He could not help being incessantly before the foot-lights. This was inevitable. But it had its dangers. And then, at Oxford, his many-sided activities had prohibited discipline and concentration : and he had never girded up his loins, or put himself to real proof under the austere sifting of the Schools.

But all this was behind him now. The last year had begun the work. The training for the Army bettered it. The seriousness of the issues before him, to which he had given himself, gave the finer touch. He was ready.

And, as we think of the perilous moral turmoil of that public political career to which we, in our blindness, were committing him—its dusty and doubtful by-roads, its egotisms, its personalities, its heat of controversy, we can believe that, by the swift gallantry of self-surrender, by the “splendid action on the edge of life,” by laying down his life with a call and a smile, he has, in one breathless and unsullied moment, overtopped our best desires for him, and, at a stroke, by the Grace of CHRIST, has “triumphed over Death, and thee, O Time !”

“Fear not ! Ye are of more value than many



sparrows." So he had written in the Book of Prayer given him by his mother, which he carried with him. And, again, "Yea! though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." He understood. He was forearmed. Let his soul rest in Peace!



## IX

### LIFE AND DEATH

“While he spake these things unto them, behold, there came a certain ruler, and worshipped him, saying, My daughter is even now dead : but come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live” (St. Matt. ix. 18).

“And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as one dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying, Fear not ; I am the first and the last, and the Living one ; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades” (Rev. i. 17, 18).

A FEW months ago, they printed for us in poor forlorn Oxford the roll of our sacrifices for the previous six months. Each College sends in its piteous list : and, below each name, a friendly hand has written some record of what the man, now dead, had been, during that brief College life, which is to those who have known it, the very flower of all their joy. We read how he had played in the field, or on the river : how he had coached his College Eight : and headed its Football Team : and the Class he had got or failed to get : and the delight that he had been to all who knew him : and the love that his friends bore for him. Now and again, it is a name of one whom we all had followed again and again with ringing cheers as he raced home over the line with the ball : or who had gathered in every pledge that Oxford could give him of the brilliant career which she believed to lie before him.

There they all are : and, as these happy years of their boyhood come back in memory, we recognize



how our very gladness in their youth had made us false to their true and deeper manhood. For, while they were with us, we never had thought of Death. Death, indeed, was the very last thought that could suggest itself to us : as we watched them. They were, themselves, the very embodiment of life. They lived ; and that was enough. Just to be alive satisfied. For life is self-sufficient : this is its note—that it justifies itself. You do not ask to look beyond it, nor to calculate what comes of it. It is its own interpretation : its own end. The reason, the imagination, the desire, find in it what they want. They come to arrest in it. What more can you need than to be alive ?

So all this young life about us held us down within its own horizons. Its own charm ringed us round. We watched them, as they played, and talked, and laughed, and sang, and rowed, and ran, and loved. There it was—the life that is always young : that can never grow old, or stale, or weary. Ever it renews itself : ever it is the same : and yet, ever, it is fresh with the dew of some everlasting morning.

In those days which now seem so far off, we hardly could bear to remember that each generation must pass away, to get dull, and drear, and fatigued, and, at last, get ill, and die. So stupid—this slow burial of all that was alive now, under the creeping cloud of an end that, however long delayed, must inevitably close the book at last. All this was out of sight : and we could forget it.

Enough that, before our eyes, those boys were brimming with the glory of living. They were tasting the delight of putting out their powers : of testing their capacities : of discovering themselves. Every morning, they found new treasure to spend—new



resources to gather in—new gifts to exercise. And we had, merely, to feed them with opportunities for self-disclosure—to stimulate—to prompt—to quicken—to enhearten. So the blessed days would go by, full of enchantment, full of promise. They spoke of life, and of its plenitude—of blood tingling in the veins—of thoughts astir in the brain—of friendships that could never tire—of freedom in limb, and heart—of inexhaustible springs from which the spirit drank—and drank ever more abundantly. We, too, their elders, had so enclosed ourselves in with their life, that we had shut off the very memory of Death. If it drove its way in, perforce, now and again, we felt it to be a cruel and blind intrusion—a meaningless disaster—an illicit accident—a foul blow below the belt. It had no place in the ring. It was an insult—an outrage—on our fair scene.

So we once were. So we are no more. And it is these very boys of ours who have taught us better. The great change came. Instead of living in face of life, their daily, hourly friend—they were to live in face of death as their abiding peril—death on the right hand and on the left—death in the day and in the night—death at every chance minute of every hour—death, swift, sudden, menacing—death anticipated as a habit—accepted as an experience—met, as an ally—death everywhere—in the rain of the deadly machine-gun, spraying its relentless sweep of fire—in the far-flying irresistible horror of the shrieking shell—in the horrible violence of the bursting shrapnel. Death through wounds, disease, poison, flame. Death, from the bomb dropped from the sky, from the torpedo with its merciless blow under water. Death, before, behind, above, beneath. A shadow for ever cast



upon the sunlight. A shadow in the valley through which they were for ever walking. They were to live encompassed round about by Death. And lo ! While we shrank back in terror and dismay—we who loved their young delight—they had found for themselves a new strength which we had never suspected in them. They saw no reason to quail or flinch. They did not even seem to find it strange—this new and awful experience. They moved on to meet it, with a simplicity that almost frightened us. They opened out their natural perspectives and took death in without apparent effort, without a struggle. They accepted it as a normal element in their daily preoccupations. They knew, it would seem, how to take its measure, and what was its true valuation. It did not confuse : or disturb their outlook. If they had to die, well ! this swift death, in their first youth, for king and country, was as good a death as they could die. It was the one they would have chosen. So many a letter of good-bye found in the breast-pocket of a young lad fresh from school or university—written to give his last message to his home—has said : “ Don’t worry or be unhappy about me. It is the way in which I should have wished to die.”

So simple : so straight : so quiet—the tone. These men have taken death in their stride. They have their footing on the far side of it. It falls within their scope, so that they can overleap it. It breaks no plan or purpose that they had for themselves. It drives no breach or cleavage into the symmetry of things. What they are, that they will still be : still moving on, along the lines laid down : still undefeated.

So they have proved—these men of ours, who were but boys. So have thousands of others of their like



and kind. Only we feel it more acutely in the case of those who had been so lately gathered together, in the full tide of their health and joy—tingling to their very finger-tips with the rapture of being alive.

They rebuke us—these our young Dead. And what we elders feel with a special shame, is how they rebuke us for our timorousness : for our blindness : for the pettiness of our range of belief and imagination. In taking their measure, we had not looked beyond what they were now under our eyes. We saw them living and young : and we could not bear to suffer the thought of death to intervene. Our very love for them held our faith in arrest. We took short views of them. They were bolder than we dared to be. There was that in them which went far beyond our timid fears. Under challenge, they rose swiftly to their full stature : and surpassed our narrow limits : and saw this present life as but a little thing that might well be risked and lost ; and faced death without flinching : and played for higher stakes, in the great game of life, than we had ventured to hope for them. Thank GOD, who taught them secretly, what we shrank from saying !

And, now, humbled by their reproach, we can be a little braver than we were when they were with us. We can send our thoughts, our minds, our prayers, in with them, into the still and silent place where GOD has hidden them.

They have taught us to be ashamed of stopping short at the grim black door, as if our efforts ended there : as if we had nothing to do with that life beyond the grave. We are compelled by them to include the other life within our perspectives : within our range of thought and activity. Their young hearts call us in. We follow where they are. We cannot hold back.



That home of theirs is peopled for us with those who will not be denied their place in our hopes and desires. And what I have been saying in the light of our special Oxford experience, where, perhaps, the contrast between the happy youth and the swift death took its most vivid form, you all have, also, been learning under the like experiences under a thousand varied conditions. We all, who are elders, remaining here in this earth from which so many men, younger than ourselves, have passed away, find ourselves learning from them to take up their wider outlook, and to overleap death, and to include the far world beyond in our daily thought and prayer. Therefore, with reality—with sincerity—with fervour, we are taking up the privilege of our inheritance in CHRIST, so often neglected and forgotten. We are remembering that He, our one LORD, is with us and with them : that in Him we are all living one life : that, in Him, we touch and reach them, and they us : that the SPIRIT knits us one and all into the one Body—quick and dead. And, therefore, we recall our dead by name : praying for them in His name : we plead for them : we speak of them to Him ; we send our thoughts and desires out into the places where they are : we make them part of our habit, our imagination, our hope : we invoke GOD'S Light upon them : we make ourselves one with the living Companionship which shares in the one-sufficient pardon won by the Blood, and is fed by the Power of the one Prince of Life, who has risen from the dead that we all may rise with Him. It is they who have made all this so natural to us, as they stepped over death : and passed in.

Not that death can ever be a light thing. Those, our dead, do not make that report. Death is dreadful.



And, remember, the Christian faith has deepened its dread. For it has heightened the significance of life : and has darkened death by identifying it with sin and judgment. Do not let us ever get unreal about this, or try to take up an exaggerated pose, as if we could ignore death, or pass it by, or pronounce it to be of no account. It is the savage who takes least account of death. For it means nothing only to those to whom life means nothing. Or, again, it means nothing in an exalted sense to the Eastern Pantheist, but only because for him this earth is naught, is a dream, an illusion. But belief in the Incarnation must give infinite reality to the life lived here : it has endowed it with eternal values. And that which wrenches it away from us and sets the seal of mortality upon it is bound to be repugnant and terrible.

So our dear LORD Himself shuddered always at its touch. There is nothing in the story of His days on earth more moving than the record of those two moments in which He was so vehemently shaken under the cloud of death. The first was at Bethany. He had lingered before coming : but now that He is come, and is in immediate contact with the dead Lazarus whom He loved, He is violently disturbed : He has difficulty in controlling Himself. And, again, as He neared the tomb, a great horror shook Him. He let it be seen how deep and dark was His trouble. See how He loved him. And, so, when the shadow of death fell upon His own soul, in the Upper Chamber, and at Gethsemane, He shrank : He shuddered : He shook : He feared : He begged that the awful cup might be taken from Him. Beads of sweat, as of blood, stood on His brow and fell to the ground. There was no attempt to disguise the terror and horror of



the black hour. For Him, the Lord of Life, the Life of Life, death could not but hold a special ignominy, a peculiar offence. It violated His honour. It told of some dreadful victory of sin. "This is your hour and the power of darkness." It was over this tribulation, the curse of invading death, that He won His own victory. He proved Himself stronger than the strong. But it was a real victory, just because it was a real, and hard, and bitter fight. So real—as the Epistle to the Hebrews reminds us. Strong crying and tears. So dreadful was death. And we can now afford to recognize all its bitterness—all its horror—just because we can go beyond it, in Him who died, and not only died, but rose again. That is what our lads have found out. That is what we now realize in our prayers for them. We do not any longer shirk it : or fear to think of it : nor do we minimize it : or ignore it : nor do we resent and repudiate it : as if it were a meaningless and cruel interruption. Rather—by fixing our thoughts on that which is beyond it—by bringing in, within the scope of our imagination, as a familiar thing, that world in which they live, we can accept the worst that death can do to us, and yet go one better. We take it all, in our stride. We may hate it—revolt from it. But we recognize it, as an incident in a pilgrimage which continues through it—after it. It belongs to our normal outlook. It enters in within the process by which we move on towards eternal life. It is itself a part of our great adventure. It is a moment in our growing experience. It has its sting : its harshness : its sorrow : its agony : its horror. But these are all accepted into the natural work of discipline and purification. For still, beyond all the pain and fear, we have a vision which enters in within the veil. That



vision oversteps the tribulation, and foresees, and foretastes the life beyond, and unites us, even now, to those who have gone before us over the dark river into the blessed peace and light.

We have and hold that vision by Him, our LORD, who once lived as we now live, and died as we and all die, and is, for that very reason, now alive for evermore, and has the keys of death and hell. "For CHRIST being raised from the dead, having been through death, dieth no more. Death hath no more dominion over Him." No! and, therefore, thank GOD! no dominion now over those who have died in Him. He has laid His hand upon them: and they shall live.



## X

### NATIONAL PENITENCE

PENITENCE and prayer. That is what England needs. So her great sailor, Sir David Beatty, has written : " She has not been shaken out of her stupor of self-complacency. She will do nothing until she has found her way to humility and prayer." That is his verdict. She has not touched either as yet. Certainly not penitence. There has been no bitter cry of confession or contrition wrung from her. There has been no sign of the humbled spirit, of the broken and contrite heart. Is this because she believes herself engaged in a righteous cause, and to be standing for what GOD desires and justifies? But that should deepen her penitence. That is exactly what ought to convict her of her unfitness for so high a task. It was when the prophet was aware of GOD drawing nigh to call and send him on the mission of righteousness that he first became conscious of all the sins that made him a dark blot upon the glory. Then it was that he cried, as he had never cried before : " Woe is me ! for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell among a people of unclean lips ! " That is the one and only revealing cry which can come from the heart of a man called to work with GOD. If we really saw ourselves in the light of such a call we, too, should be down on our knees with our mouths in the dust



praying for some angel who might purge our lips with some coal from off the altar. Only then would we dare to answer, "Send me." But there is no sound of such a cry in the air. There is no recognition of its necessity. Over and over again we rehearse the righteousness of our cause: and there we stop. It is enough. It satisfies. We draw no further conclusions. There is no vehement reaction on ourselves. Rather, we are renewed in our self-confidence, in our self-sufficiency. We, certainly, are right: and those against us are wrong. What more could you want? So the very goodness of the cause intensifies our blindness and ingrains our sin. Self-criticism is unnecessary for those who are fighting for GOD and the right. The cause justifies and hallows. We identify ourselves with its honour: and fail to see that it is just this identification which convicts. We are gratified by the light within which we stand, while, in fact, it is the light which slays.

Why is it that this penitence is so much to seek? Why is it so remote and unreal? I think that it is because it is national penitence that we are asking for—a confession of national sins. It is the national life, in its innate and intimate characteristics, on which the war flings its fiery light. It may do this, as I have said, through compelling us to ask ourselves how we can dare offer ourselves as champions of divine righteousness. Or, again, the criticism may find a biting entry through the scathing taunts of our foes as they fasten acutely on all our familiar weaknesses, and recall all our criminalities. Or we may be shamed, under the strain laid on us by the war, at the exhibition of all our incoherencies, and disorganizations, and ineptitudes. Or we may turn to ask ourselves with



a new anxiety what this England actually is, in her cities and her countrysides, for which we are asking gallant fellows to suffer and to die in thousands upon thousands. Under every head it is the sin which the nation as a whole sins, towards which our eyes are drawn.

Now, national sins are often the more criminal and deadly, just because they appear so slight and intangible to the individual conscience. That which damns a whole nation may often seem but a negligible infirmity in each separate case to the member of the body who is guilty of it. His own contribution to the general wrong is so infinitesimal, and so insignificant, and so unimpressive. Our LORD is peculiarly sensitive to this characteristic peril. He who is so startlingly merciful to the personal sinner is strangely severe on class sins. He denounces them without mitigation: He takes no excuse. He pours out indignation on the sins of privileged classes who betray their opportunities—on the sins which belong to a profession or a type—on the social sins which are committed by whole bodies.

And this severity on the massive wrong is contrasted with the lightness of temper with which each individual commits it. "I pray thee have me excused." That is all the sin that is required, to condemn utterly, and cast out, and bring to an end, a class of those who had been called to a high and specially privileged position in the court of a king. Each plea offered to excuse obedience to the summons of the king is innocent enough: is natural enough. Each man, as he makes his plea, feels how obvious it is—how intelligible—how slight will be the difference caused by his accidental failure to respond to the invitation.



It is only for this once that he begs off. It will never occur again. It is unlucky that he should have this other engagement at the same moment when he is wanted. But anyone will understand. This yoke of oxen! Well, it must be settled whether he is to buy them or not. This bit of land! He really must see it before he takes it over. And, as for his own honeymoon, that surely is a reason which must be respected. Who could possibly ask him to give that up? There is no black guilt about all this. There is nothing sinister, or treacherous, that is intended. No one feels that he is doing anything that matters. His own little lapse will be easily passed over. It would be presumptuous to think that it would be noticed. So it happens that one and all have excused themselves out of their obligations. The class has betrayed the king's trust. He thought that he had friends who cared for his interest. It was their high privilege to share his joy in his own marriage. And lo! the whole body of them has fallen away. They do not value their privilege at the price of a pair of oxen. They will sacrifice it in face of any incidental private concern of their own. Each thought himself alone in making his excuse; but the result is that one and all have given away the cause for which they existed. The whole class has committed moral suicide. They enjoyed a privilege which they had lightly and carelessly betrayed. So the LORD is wrath: and cancels the privilege. These men shall never again be called to His supper. The era of privilege is swept away. A new era has begun on new conditions of salvation. And all because of a sin that appeared so slight to each as he committed it that he hardly thought of it seriously at all.



Again, there is the sin of the foolish virgins. How austere is the judgment passed on it ! An absolute and final exclusion. Yet it had been merely a temper, common to them all, of heedlessness : of folly. They all forgot. They took short views. They did not look ahead. They encouraged each other in assuming that all would be well. That was the atmosphere in which they lived. As a body they left it to chance. They hoped for the best. They spent no thought on what might happen. They knew that they meant well. They intended to have their lamps lit. Only they did not allow for accidents. That is the sort of stupid error that a whole set of people is capable of falling into together. No one of them alone would be so foolish. And such an error, our LORD says, may be utterly irrecoverable : unpardonable : fatal. The door is shut, and when they come with their belated knocking it will not open. " Verily, I say unto you, I know you not."

So it is with all class sin. No single one of those lawyers, whom our LORD so vehemently condemned, could exactly say how and when he laid those heavy burdens on people's backs, and made their entry into the kingdom of heaven so impossible an affair. Each went diligently on with his plain professional duties, following out the rules and precedents, acquiring a certain professional temper and bias unwittingly, so that it became a second nature. He had no mind to crush people down. Only he had committed himself to a system that did it. Therefore his doom is on him. " Woe unto you, ye lawyers ! " The individual Pharisee would be astonished and indignant if he was charged with making his proselyte, for whom he had so dauntlessly and devotedly ransacked sea and land,



tenfold more a child of hell than himself. How monstrous a slander ! He had laboured his very best with the highest intentions. Who can point out to him an occasion on which he had committed such a horrible sin as this ? No one could. There was no separate occasion. But Pharisaism did it : and he was proud and glad to class himself a Pharisee. Pharisaism, in our LORD's judgment, had these inevitable issues. Its public conscience, its ethical tonality, led straight down this way. It was so pre-occupied with itself that it was incapable of self-criticism. No one member of its guild could take the measure of its inherent tendency. But, on the arena of fact, its action stood out plain ; its consequences were obvious. Therefore, however insensible any one individual may be of the full force to which he was contributing, the LORD does not withhold His verdict : " Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! "

It is these terrifying dooms pronounced on classes by our LORD which we have to take to heart in estimating the sins which we nationally commit. So slight the sin itself will seem to each one of us ! So remote a responsibility ! It is merely that we forgot ; a little thing enough in each case : only we all forgot at once and together. That is what makes it so horribly serious. We forgot to look after the growth of our industrial towns. It all happened while we slept. In the morning when we woke there they were. We could not even say that we had planted good seed, and that an enemy had eluded us. There was no seed sown at all. And now it was all tares. How mean, how slovenly, how contemptible, how infamous it looked now it was done ! But it is done. That is the



worst of it. There is no going back. Now our people have got to go on living under these scandalous conditions, blighted by the sordid curse. We did not mean it. We forgot. That was all. It is too late. And the LORD stands over us saying : " I never knew you."

We have been, as we see now, so stupid. We have let so much slip. We were accepting our inferiority in the organization of industry. We were too lazy to keep level with the alert movements of a growing civilization. An immense mass of industrial and social activity was passing fast out of our hands ; we were letting others do it for us. We were becoming parasites. And this out of sheer indifference—out of a lack of energy, out of a profound disbelief in ideas and education. This all spells flat degeneration. Yet how hard to bring stupidity of this kind home to any one particular trader or citizen !

Then, again, there was the disastrous inability of one class to understand the other which had brought us to the edge of civil war. We have seen how profound this inability is through the trouble under the Munitions Act over the suspending of Trade Union regulations. No one outside the Trade Unions could bring himself to understand what the difficulty was which the workers felt ; while, for the workers, it dominated and endangered their whole relation to society. The classes had drawn so far apart that they had ceased to understand each other's language, or to be able to get inside each other's minds. This is our tremendous peril to-day. Yet how is it to come home to this or that man's conscience ? Which of us can say by what guilt of his own he got into this condition ? It was only that we have all let ourselves drift apart.



We have not taken pains to keep within an atmosphere which is not naturally ours. We have not exercised ourselves in sympathetic understanding of the minds of those whom we do not naturally come across. We have suffered ourselves, passively, to become isolated inside our own mental environment. That is the line of least resistance. So it comes to pass by insensible accretions of habit. And, at last, the social crime has become a dismal and deadly fact. The nation is hopelessly divided. The unity of the State has ceased to exist.

Take, again, our hopeless moral apathy. We know so well what many of our worst social evils are ; and it can be shown that they are remediable. Nobody really denies it. The Report of the Poor Law Commission drove this in as a practical national conviction. The Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced this deliberate verdict in the House of Lords without any attempt at answer or dispute. We read there in those damnatory pages how much positive degradation we were steadily fostering by our workhouse system. We all recognized, whether we were on the side of the majority or minority on the Commission, how urgent and how drastic were the measures imperatively required. Ah ! how long ago it all is ! How many years have slipped by since, before the War gave it its final shelving ? There was no driving force evoked by that Report. There was no national action taken. We left the Local Government Board to do such tinkering as it could. And, then, we forgot all about it. Consciences that had been dimly roused had soon recovered their slumber. It was as if a moral torpor had settled down upon us all which no one had the energy to break



through. Gradually we had all acquiesced in leaving the old system just where it was. There was no sign that any political party was prepared to act. Away the moment had slid. It had been lost through sheer sluggishness of will. A great ethical refusal had been made, yet no one could exactly say where the responsibility lay : or how far the guilt fell on him or on her. Only over all the doom is sounding : " Woe unto you, hypocrites ! your house is left unto you desolate ! "

How about the boys whom we all knew we were wrecking by cutting off all education at fourteen, and packing them off to sterile and blind jobs ? We were creating a market of unemployables : and we knew it : and we went on doing it.

The slovenliness of our national mind is so appalling. We leave our life in litter-heaps : we let it welter in shapeless masses : we are content to go on producing such shocking failures. The tramps that you meet loafing along our high-roads are such as no nation can afford to own as its products—weak, half-witted, impotent, filthy. Now and again you catch sight of something that positively frightens : it has lost the human touch. It has fallen outside all possible limits of humane companionship. Obviously the whole society must bear the responsibility of such a result. Yet it is self-amazing how quickly we can pass by on the other side, running away from it as no Priest or Levite ever ran—anything that we may not see exactly what was there. Yet a nation must answer to humanity and to GOD for these scraps, and waifs, and strays, and broken pieces. They are a dreadful deposit : and bear their piercing witness against us. Only we somehow cannot care.



Yet, again, there is a fatal lack of any corporate ideal of the desirable life. We have no real determinant of this, except the amount of money we happen to possess. We suffer our wealth to fashion our habits. It is a purely individual matter. If we have got the money, we settle to have a good time : and we set to work to spend it in the ways that it lays open to us. But there is no ethical type of life which fixes for us how an Englishman should live, and how he should employ his means. More and more people's ways of living were becoming a mere chance, a helter-skelter of wilfulness, a reckless gamble. Never, surely, had great wealth so aimlessly squandered itself, or had so little regard to its national obligations. "Society" was losing its moral tone. It was becoming a byword for waste : an insult to labour : an offence that stank. Yet who could say when this actually began ? and how it had come about ? Only we all felt that this is just what our LORD meant when He said : "In the days of Noe, they ate and drank : they married and were given in marriage : until the Flood came and destroyed them all."

Finally we had one and all confessed, with wearisome reiteration, that our industrial system had been formed on lines that were largely immoral and Godless. So far as mere competition governed our business, it could not be reconciled with the golden rule. There were anti-social motives hard at work inside our industry, which were accepted as necessary and inevitable. It was the consciousness of this which made GOD and CHRIST seem so far off, on Sundays, from everything that we were doing all the week. We could not bring the two sides of our being together. The divorce rankled. And, perhaps, we were dimly



aware that this is just what our LORD meant by that hypocrisy which He so ruthlessly condemned. Yet on and on the long years sped : and we were powerless against the enormous pressure of the system. The habit was ingrained. The temper of acquiescence in it had become a second nature. To this hour we cannot make up our mind for any decisive change. The awful impact of the War has forced us to impose upon trade some regard to national responsibility and corporate welfare. But if the war pressure were removed, should we not lapse back instantaneously to where we were ? Has any penitence and shame touched our national resolution so that it recognizes how deep-lying is its sin in all this ? Is it nerving itself for a better organization of labour and a more human readjustment of capital ?

No ! Nothing yet has broken our self-complacency : our arrogance of mind : our ethical apathy : our elemental omission of the highest spiritual factors from our habitual review of the world. We have risen to our task in many ways : we have worked : we have made our sacrifices. But we have not yet become religious : we have not yet become penitent.

What can we do ? It is so difficult, because what is wanted is to bring thought and imagination to the aid of conscience. Only by thinking the matter severely out can we detect the public disgrace which lies hidden away in our private negligence. Only by correlating our individual contribution to the general wrong with the weight of similar contributions coming in on all sides to reinforce our own, can we identify our small lapses with the guilt which can degrade an entire nation. It needs hard thought and a strenuous effort of imagination to detect the identification.



But hard thought and strenuous imagination are just what we English mostly lack. We cannot easily take matters so seriously. The only other road is to take the results as the true measure of the infamy. This War is the issue of national sin. There, in its horrible carnage, we see what it comes to. We must go back right behind the question of whose sin actually determined that it should happen. Behind and beyond all that is the state of sin in our civilization which made it possible. It could only have happened to a civilization that had desperately betrayed itself. In that way it does enable us to realize the awful seriousness of those social sins which creep by such intangible degrees into the very fibres of our being until, like some ghastly leprosy, they eat out the life. The horror of the War is the standard by which to learn how terribly a whole class, a whole nation, may sin away its right to exist. If we cannot believe in the reality of such damning betrayals, let us send out our hearts once more over the bloodstained fields of Flanders. That is the method by which we were first taught the seriousness of personal sin. It all seemed so light and slight until CHRIST was hung on His Cross. "You thought it a little thing to sin. Look at Me in My Passion. That is what your sin does. It nailed Me to the Cross. It did Me to death. Can you understand now?" That was the appeal that convicted the world. That was the sight that broke our hearts. We saw, in the result, the iniquity of the cause. By no other way could we discover the need of a broken and a contrite spirit. By the same road we may yet be able to bring England to penitence and prayer. This should be the work and issue of the National Mission to which we are pledged. It will be national, indeed, if it draw



out of the heart of the people the passionate desire to purge England of all her public shame, and to uphold the vision of a new nation redeemed and reborn through the power of the KING, the LORD CHRIST.



## XI

### COMPULSION THROUGH FREEDOM

ORGANIZE ! Socialize ! Control ! Compel ! Yes ! But we must do it, as free men, in the name and in the power of freedom. For freedom is the breath of our life. It is our heritage : our hall-mark : our inspiration. We take it, with all its obvious handicaps, and unavoidable perplexities. It may prohibit swift decisions, and hamper immediate action. It looks inefficient in critical moments : it may involve us in dilemmas, and paradoxes, and inconsistencies. It may fret us with confusions and delays. But it is worth it. We stand by it, as our gospel. We rely on its antiseptic capacities. It heals the wounds that it makes. Whatever the defects of its quality may be, it is the only form of existence which is, to us, tolerable. So, at whatever cost, we mean to be free. Free men can put out compulsion over themselves. Only it must be their own act. It must be their own will that compels them to obey. This is the true secret of all Law for such free Democracies as we have now become. There can be lots of law : lots of organization : but it must be imposed from within as well as from without. Those who obey it must be able to recognize their own initiative, their own consent, their own conscience, in that to which they submit. Platitudes, these, and tiresome at the price. Yes ! Platitudes :



but platitudes that we had better recall seriously to mind, at a moment when we are all ready to acknowledge the necessity for some special, and rigorous, and compelling organization of the National resources.

No such organization is possible, without the free adhesion to its principle, and to its necessity, of those who are to be organized. There must be no lecturing, and scolding, and hectoring. It cannot be arrived at by that road. It cannot be imposed by one class on another. It cannot justify itself as a rebuke for alleged slackness: or as a penalty for unworthy apathy. If anything of this kind is suspected in it, it will be met by indignant repudiations and fierce refusals. It will be regarded, and rightly, as a slander. It can only be carried through by open appeal to the reason, and to the fair judgment, of all to whom it will apply. It will only work so far as their general assent, freely won, empowers it. The appeal must be made, always, to the right side of a man: it must show its trust in him, in what he has been and done, in his motives, in his desires. It must come, as from himself to himself, seeing life as he sees it, judging life by his standards and values, in real and felt and spontaneous understanding of the situation as he feels it, taking in his point of view, including it within its presentation of the national need. It must address itself to him as to one who is aware of all the responsibilities involved, and is called upon to meet them out of his own sense of what they demand.

Now, the big and little Newspapers, and the great Folk who write to them, in their daily hectoring of the working man, show a singular disregard and even ignorance of the way in which he looks at things. Take two instances, in which their language simply



stings him into revolt. First, the application of war-metaphors, war-methods, war-temper to Industry : culminating in the wish that the workman who downs tools should be shot, like a soldier who deserts. Now, war has horrible necessities of its own, which degrade, confessedly, the moral standards as applied to civil life : and it is vital that we should limit as far as possible the area over which this grim necessity has play. It embodies a wholly unnatural position, in which men have fallen outside of the normal bonds which bind them to one another. War is a dreadful interval of collapse : of accident : of pressure : during which much of the normal action of free human life is in suspense. Everything depends on confining this suspense within its own unavoidable limits. Labour, on the other hand, is the typical expression of the normal peace in which man goes forth to his work day by day until the evening. He has fought his way up, through many a bitter struggle, into this life of free covenant, in which a man is master of himself and of his acts. He has hardly arrived there yet. And the degree of such freedom already attained is the one sacred heritage that he would hand on to his children, to ensure and to enlarge. Now, War may rightly ask of him great sacrifices of his liberty under its awful strain, but it must not deprive his labour of the one thing that humanizes and moralizes it—its freedom. It must not ask him to abandon the morality of civil life for the morality of the military code. The introduction of the military code inside the things that properly belong to peace is exactly what we mean by that Militarism which we detest and denounce. The conditions under which labour is conducted are not the conditions under which war is fought : and



this radical divergence of type must be preserved, at all hazards, however fierce the pressure put by the one on the other.

Of course, it is inconceivable that this military discipline should be attempted, while the workers are left still the servants of private firms : for, in that case, the whole force of the Nation would be put at the service of the few, and the labour so enforced would be servile. That, I suppose, nobody dreams of. But the letters in the Press seem hardly conscious of this : and no wonder that the workers fear the worst, so long as this kind of language is flung loosely about.

And then, secondly, there is the matter of the Rules regulating the Output, and the scale at which piece-work is to be allowed, and the proportion of skilled to unskilled men in each department of the machinery, etc. People write and talk, as if all this belonged to the fads and freaks of Trade Unionism : as if they were utterly irrational, and unmeaning, and probably selfish : as if they ought to disappear, wholesale, at a word, in face of the urgency of the moment. They do not appear to dream of what is actually at stake in this vital issue. For the workers, these Regulations embody the results of interminable and resolute and passionate effort, which, for fifty years and more, they have been spending on the task of rendering their labour consistent with a human standard of life. By these rules, their labour is more or less brought under their reasonable control, instead of mastering and crushing them. They represent the attempt to rationalize and organize labour : and to prevent the blind forces of Competition riding rough-shod over their lives. Without these limitations, these judicious restrictions, their strength, which is their capital, would be used up,



and exhausted, under the haste and pressure. They themselves would be broken, and spent, and thrown on the scrap-heap. This is prodigal waste: besides being inhuman. That is why they cling desperately to what they have gained by years of anxious striving. They know too bitterly well the peril of being raced man against man in overtime: and the peril of being swamped by the invasion of the unskilled. They know what happens if you leave this gigantic industrial pressure to work unchecked. They go down as under the wheels of a Juggernaut Car. They may have been mistaken here, and foolish there: they may be pedantic and suspicious, in some of their petty limitations. But, at the heart of the matter, lies the question whether man shall be in command of his work, or his work in command of him. It is their very life which they feel to be at stake. It is the power of Collective Bargaining which is challenged. It is the existence and value of Trade Unionism itself, which has to be fought out. Conceive their indignation, when the whole of this is ignored, and they are lectured as silly idiots for not dropping everything straight away the moment they are asked. If they are to drop them, if that is what the urgency of war demands, then the demand cannot come to them from the employers with whom these very matters have been the burning Controversy for all these years. One side in the Controversy cannot ask the other side to abandon its whole position for the sake of the Country and for the benefit of the victorious side. Such a demand must come straight from the Government, from outside the lines of the normal Controversy, on a special and limited plea of urgent national necessity, made by the Nation to the men themselves. The Government,



that is, must appeal directly to the Trade Union Organizations, which alone can speak for the men. It is the Trade Unions' affair. They can make concessions to the Government itself, which they could never make to the employers. For, as made to the Government, for a special end, they are strictly confined to that end. They will not affect the conditions to which all will return in days of peace. It is vital for the men that, when they find themselves back in normal conditions of peace, they should not find themselves stripped of all the gains so arduously won, and compelled to renew the fight over again from the beginning. They may well fear lest this should happen if the terms of the present concession are, in the least degree, vague or doubtful. A bond made direct with Government, with a pledge as to its ending as soon as the immediate necessity has passed, can meet the case.

The proposals to meet this necessity which are now in force exhibit a far franker approach to the Trade Unions themselves than the late Government ever attempted. But there is still much to be done in the way of admitting the workers into some share in the control of the workshops that have been brought under the Munitions Act. They should be made frankly responsible for the methods and regulations which the urgency of the work requires. They are perfectly ready to rise to such responsibilities, if once they feel themselves trusted.

The amount of compelling power that we can put out depends on the amount of free consent that is at work behind it. If we will but take the trouble to win that consent by the open-air methods which belong to free men living together in liberty, then, there is no limit to the pressure that can be legitimately



exercised. It is for this kind of forcible guidance and direction that the country is craving, if only it be treated as a reasonable creature, anxious to do its part, and not as a skulking apathetic loafer, who needs to be marched off to the Front as a penalty for his sins.



## XII

### THE CASE FOR A VOLUNTARY ARMY

FOR years we have been pleading for State action and compulsory legislation, and have argued that through public law lay the real road to freedom. Why, then, are we keen for the voluntary appeal to the country for its soldiers—and so anxious to avoid National Compulsion at this point? It is because the State Legislation that we advocated was always such as would (as we believed) evoke and intensify voluntary effort and individual initiative. The good effect of the legislation depended on the degree to which it could count on voluntary effort to back it. The two were correlative. The increase of public law would be at once sterile and pernicious unless it raised the sense of personal obligation to a higher level, and to a fuller activity. So we ever declared.

The peril of the over-organized State is a very real one. As soon as organization had taken form the peril showed itself. The enormous scale of a centralized official bureaucracy began to terrify. The realization of the full Fabian dream would mean a nightmare. The proper balance to the centralized officialism must be secured at all costs. The vast unit of State organization must be broken up into multiplied modifications, which would allow for more local and personal and individual initiative. All this began to press. It found



expression in the legal as well as vital values attributed to the manifold minor groups. These, too, it was pleaded, had personalities of their own which the ever-growing personality of the State could not cancel or ignore. They sprang into life out of a spontaneity which was irrepressible and legitimate. They embodied the need for personal freedom. Dr. Figgis's brilliant book on the Church in Modern States made us all aware of what the Publicists were working out. Gierke and Maitland became alive to us.

Then, again, there was the passionate demand of Syndicalism to be taken in. Here we found ourselves in face of a very rational and intelligent and interesting corrective of bald Socialism. Syndicalism represents the refusal of the great industries to be absorbed in a bureaucratic system. They have separate interests of their own. Each claims the right of self-government, self-direction, self-centrality. Each needs liberty for its own peculiar developments. They can be federated, but they must preserve self-identity. They look to the Ideal of the Guild to secure spontaneous vitality.

Now, the whole of this social movement has forced us to consider the limitations which must be kept if central State action is to be expedient and effective. So long as the old traditional Individualism, native to us, retained its overwhelming preponderance it took us all our time and strength to enforce the necessity of common action by central law. But when once this necessity had been freely recognized, and State action had been widely extended, the conditions and limits under which it would work were bound to press for consideration. And what we began to see was that State action, over large Departments of Life, must be regulative rather than direct. It should not attempt



to "mobilize" the national forces or to initiate effort. This must be left to the free play of living energy. Only, it must lay down certain fixed conditions under which the energies should operate: it would test them by set standards: it would refuse to let them fall below certain minima of wage and comfort: it would impose regulative limitations: it would require a certain level of efficiency and equity: it would inspect, define, protect, relate, prohibit. It would answer, in fact, for the conditions under which the work was done. In all this compulsion would be its rightful method.

But, outside and beyond this, it would count on freedom of personal response. For the individual man is not its antithesis or its contradiction: but its product, and its correlative. And that free independence of the individual unit is the State's finest asset—its creation, its glory. The State has endowed it with its capacity to act alone, with its right to choose, with its authoritative self-confidence. These are the gifts and powers on which the community counts. By them it hopes to vitalize all its legislative machinery. Without them all its regulative system would be but a lifeless mechanism. Its legislation depends, for its efficiency, on the spontaneous and natural adherence of the free individual conscience which can recognize its own willing assent in the law that it obeys. The degree to which the State can extend its legal compulsion depends entirely on the amount of instinctive consent that it can win out of those to whom liberty is as the air which they breathe.

Now, the desire of the community to secure the willing co-operation of free souls in its work is at its height more especially just at the point where a man's life work is to be allotted to him. Here, more than



anywhere, he asks to exercise his right of choice. Here, more than anywhere, it would appear as meticulous tyranny to dictate to a man what he is to be, and how he is to employ himself. Here, at this special spot, a rigid and centralized bureaucratic Socialism, fixing for everyone his place, becomes incredibly impossible. We should get very near to the Servile State if we attempted it.

Rather, the moral is : Let everyone be free to select, so far as opportunities allow, that work which he prefers to attempt, according to his own inclination and the estimate he can form of the best use of his faculties. Here lies his initiative, his responsibility, his force of character. Then, the community which accepts his proffered service takes it up into the body of its correlated industries, and determines, by compulsion, the best conditions under which that service can be rendered in view of the public welfare. So we may hope to secure the right interplay and reaction of spontaneity and compulsion—of free independent personal choice, and of measured, corporate and deliberate necessities.

If this is the principle that we arrive at all round, in every other department of human industry, then, this same principle would apply to the Army and Navy, and to everything else. The compulsion which is so vitally essential to these two fighting services, if they are ever to be effective for their accepted purpose, would still count on being exercised over men whose assent to it had been freely given by voluntary enlistment. So alone (would it declare) could the best results be obtained, since the compulsion would be working upon materials capable of yielding the highest response—the response which can only be made out



of the atmosphere and the inspiration of liberty. And this is certainly true. Every experience confirms it. The quality of an army raised by voluntary effort is of a higher order than that of one raised by conscription. In fact the chief complaint made against our present army is that it is too good. Its materials are of a higher class than we can afford. It draws out all the best men, and so we are getting too many of our best stuff killed. It fails to get in the slackers, the weaklings, the timid, the loafers, the haunters of suburban race meetings, the crowd that is to be seen at Kempton or Hurst, the young swaggerers who drive us wild on Hampstead Heath. This is what drives us into such a rage. Yet could there be a better tribute to the worth and excellence of the Army that we have got? It is without those elements of weakness which beset compulsion. It has a smaller proportion of men on whom it could not rely in a critical hour. It has fewer men who would be bound to lose nerve at a pinch. The queerest ideal of security is represented by the indignant critic who would punish a slacker in trade who missed time, or downed his tools, by packing him off—as a penalty—to the trenches. What an insult to the men who now defend these trenches! And what sort of defence would the trenches get out of a man so sent to defend them?

It is in the matter of quantity alone that compulsion can make its case. There may be emergencies when quantity is essential: and it may be that the voluntary principle may fail to produce sufficient numbers. If so, then necessity compels. We are forced to fall back on that which alone can supply the requisite mass. That is what we have now done. In order to do justice to the married men who have been willing to come forward



in sufficient numbers, we have had to put compulsive pressure to secure a parallel number of unmarried men. We could not fairly have taken the one while the other hung back. This is compulsion used, as Mr. Balfour pleaded in the Debate, in order to rectify the inequalities incident to the voluntary system. It plays its part as a corrective of the main motive. So far so good. Let that be its limit.

In the meantime, the Army that is swarming now to the Front, in numbers which our fullest capacity for the provision of equipment can hardly overtake, is an Army stamped with the mark of quality throughout. It is charged with just the spirit which compulsion cannot give. Each man brings with him all his best self. He has made his choice. He has offered himself to his country. He has committed himself without reserve. Every faculty in him is alert to justify his decision. He gives himself away, keenly and freely. He is a man in full possession of himself, aware of the part he has to play, and rejoicing in it. He has no two minds. He is wholly of a piece. Nothing seems able to break his cheerfulness and good heart. England may well be proud of her special product. Other nations have their own way of raising fine fighting forces, and they have splendid fighting capacity. But we doubt whether any other Army is so good and sound in quality throughout as this of ours.

Lord Haldane let out one most interesting secret of his own War Ministry. He tells us that his Council of War experts were dead against the introduction of compulsory military service at the beginning of the reorganization of the Army, *not* because they ignored or doubted the possibility of a war with Germany, but, on the contrary, because that possibility was so



perilously urgent that they could not look at a proposal which would require a number of years to bring it into effective action. It would take a generation to pass over from the old voluntary system to the new. The scheme takes several years before it shows its results. In the meantime, while the old was passing and the new still forming, we should be exceptionally weak, and totally unready for a big national crisis. It was, then, just because the Council was so consciously impressed with the immediate peril that lay before the country that it discarded the change. Far from being led to the refusal by shutting its eyes to the danger ahead, it did it out of its intense appreciation of the danger in which the country stood, and of the swiftness with which the storm must burst upon her. This is, surely, a new point to be considered.

Whatever the tangle into which the Derby scheme got meshed, there is one reputation that has come out of it with splendid honour : and that is Lord Derby's own. He worked for it with the whole of his force ; with invincible pluck and good humour : with sturdy common sense : with a limitless stock of healthy human nature. When his workers plunged him into hopeless muddles, he pulled the thing along by sheer force of will and by goodness of heart. He drove his jolly way through all the pedantries of officials : he stuck to his job : he made the best of everything. He worked admirably with the Labour men : and put his very best into a business which was more or less against his grain. He had offered to work the voluntary principle for all that it was worth : and he brought it out all but triumphant. It was only through the confusion of his over-zealous workers that he was forced to save them out of their own muddle by the



sudden policy of complete attestation for all, even in the exempted trades. And it was this shift of policy which hindered the results from being decisive. He could not help this. Nobody but he could have overridden the confusion. We owe him unmeasured thanks.



### XIII

#### THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE

PEACE ! Peace ! That is the dumb cry in the soul the War causes night and day. Every elemental instinct of our being yearns for the blessed moment when it will be possible to breathe in peace once more. And it is vital, therefore, to keep the mind for ever at work revolving peace, scheming for peace, shaping the outlines of peace. No fair and honourable discussion of its conceivable terms ought to be barred or silenced. It ought to be kept ever before us as a live thing with which we must keep in touch. The trouble—the horrible trouble—is that all one's passion for peace is denied expression by the immediate proposals of the hour. The peace that would be fashioned under the pressure of present circumstances yields nothing that belongs to the peace for which one craves. It would be no peace. It would be suspended war. There can be no peace which does not hold in it the hope of reduced armaments. As we piled up the awful burden before the war, we knew that it was mockery to call this armed hostility peace. It was a wicked denial of peace. It was a blind assertion that nations exist in antagonism with one another ; that their life is war—war inevitable, normal, natural—war held off only by massed and accumulated fear. We were fools if we did not permanently prepare for the climax. It



was a bitter irony that called this condition of jealous suspicion by the high name of peace. And every lover of peace has but one absorbing desire—to escape free from the snare of that irony for ever. The peace for which he looks shall not be a slander on its own good name. There shall be a fellowship of the nations ; on that base alone can our peace stand. We may not be able to abolish armaments : but we will not have them as the very standard and base of our civilization. They shall be the accidents, and not the substance, of our international relations. There will be an ideal at work, which will be steadily reducing their prime importance. We will have a civilization which counts on going on without an appeal to their use. But a peace created by the conditions now upon us would leave us with the old curse of armaments augmented and intensified.

Take only one instance. The Chancellor of Germany claims, as the outcome of the Balkan victory, the bridge to Constantinople, and, with it, the open road to the Far East. This is to be the great opportunity by which Germany will reach the sun. But conceive what it means. The whole way from Constantinople to India, Germany and Great Britain will face one another. We know how deep the policy has already gone by which the Kaiser has disturbed Persia and Syria and Arabia : he has his eye on Egypt, on the Canal, on India ; he has gone behind every frontier of ours, and has done his utmost to raise the Mohammedan world against us. We should live under perpetual menaces. Over the entire area we should be forced to keep watch and ward. It would only be by strong interlaced guards and communications, by lines of fortresses and strategic positions, that we could



hope to keep our position secure amid these swarming populations, open to every suspicion and intrigue. It would mean a sleepless watch, an immeasurable anxiety, a tremendous effort that could never slacken, and an enormous expansion of military responsibility and military details and military resources. It would double our armament requirements at a stroke. This is a prospect that would make the thing that we call peace an intolerable nightmare of horror. Nor can we ever forget that this alliance of the Kaiser with Turkey was founded in the blood of Armenian massacres. It was over the carnage heaps that the Kaiser held out his hand to the Assassin. And now it is sealed in the blood of murdered Armenia. A whole people has been killed out—man, woman, and child—so far as it was possible to do it, under the deliberate orders of Enver Bey, the chosen ally of Berlin, under the eyes of German Consuls. What can a peace mean that passes this stupendous crime over as of no account and accepts its fruits?

Peace must be true to fundamental facts. It cannot rest on fiction. We shall never get it so long as the devoted Germans, who have shown such splendid heroism of sacrifice, believe that they are doing it in order to repel ruthless invaders who had sworn to crush the dear Fatherland. Nor shall we get it until we British bring ourselves to believe that this has been, and is, the deep conviction with which Germany rallied with one heart to the war, and in the faith of which it is ready to shed its last drop of blood.



## XIV

### AN ANTHOLOGY FOR WAR TIME

ROBERT BRIDGES has given us a most fascinating book,\* which will be a possession for ever. It is written for the present distress, and has a serious intent. It is to guard us from the intellectual and spiritual deterioration of the War. Professor Gilbert Murray has told us how he first took note of this lowering tone in himself. He suddenly lost his temper with an aged clergyman on a committee. He had never lost control before ; nor was the poor old gentleman more stupid than usual. To what, then, was it due ? To the fall of Namur. The Poet Laureate endows us with this anthology as a prophylactic against any such degradation. It is to be for us " a covert from the tempest," now while " the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." He will enable us to preserve our tone and temper over against the demoralizing friction, by holding high commerce with " whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, that, if there be any virtue, or any praise, we may think on these things," and so keep our lives sweet and healthy and clean.

\* " The Spirit of Man." An Anthology in English and French made by the Poet Laureate in 1915. Longmans.



He tells us that not everything that is best is in the book ; but nothing is in the book which is not of the best.

What he has set himself to do is to cover every mood that is proper to man, and to provide it with some perfect expression which will be its purgative antidote against any wrong that the War could do it. The moods are many and varied, and Dr. Bridges allows for them with a large-minded catholic tolerance. He accepts the light and delicate moods as freely as the grave. These, too, in their fleeting graces must be preserved against any taint, as our natural heritage. For the rescue of such moods as these we can admit, therefore, elusive fragments by Yeats, and flying gleams caught from the work of his friend Gerard Hopkins. He draws in the purest ballads, and the fine flower of French songs, to serve the general need. So, again, he can yoke to his service the low cries of despair from those who have yielded to the mood of the Preacher. This mood, too, has its place and time within our natural human compass, and it is part of our ennoblement to feel the secret beauty that can be distilled from sorrow. Everything is here that belongs to our true portion. And we are strengthened by the recognition of the infinite variety of mood of which man has shown himself capable.

But while the book is fascinating in the actual body of beautiful work which it has stored in its pages, it is almost equally fascinating for the personal interest that belongs to its maker. It is a book of intense individuality. No one else could conceivably have put it together but Robert Bridges. He has allowed, in the Preface, that "whatever merit or attractive quality the book may have will lie in its being the work



of one mind at one time : and its being such implies the presence of the peculiarities and blemishes that mark any personality and any time. These the author has not sought to avoid." And, again, in the most interesting Preface to the Index, he writes : " If it be thought that in the choice of some pieces he has been influenced by personal feeling, his reply is that he did not wish to put his honest likings aside." No, indeed, nor should we at all desire it. And though he most humbly keeps himself out of sight in the main book, only appearing in one original poem, and in the two noble translations from the Iliad and the Æneid, yet, somehow, his personality is to be felt tingling throughout, and you never get away from it : and, always, each excerpt takes its special character from your interest in the fact that he has selected it : and your delight lies in seeing why it was that his choice fell just on that and no more : and your keen curiosity is stimulated by the implied contact with his judgment. The whole book is alive with his spirit, his soul : you are challenged at every point to say whether you agree with his masterful mind, so intense, so fastidious, so enticingly imperious. This gives infinite zest to your enjoyment of the materials selected. And this intimate contact with the selecting judgment of the Poet is itself an education. Every selection in the book has its own special interest. Even those made from the supreme traditional poets, like Keats or Shelley, are wonderfully distinctive, and take one by surprise by their frequent unfamiliarity.

Then Dr. Bridges has his own special brood, whom he has brought up under his own wing—Canon Dixon, Mackworth Dolben, Gerard Hopkins. In most cases they triumphantly justify his fatherly faith in them.



The work of Dixon is always memorable. I must, however, confess that two of those chosen from Gerard Hopkins—one on Wales and another on a lighted candle—are the only two in the whole book which raise a sense of doubt in me as to whether they are quite adequate for their place and purpose. It is always fruitless, and generally silly, to complain of what is *not* included in an Anthology; but I cannot help feeling that if moods were to be the determinant, and work of the type of Yeats and Alice Meynell and Gerard Hopkins to be included, then I do wonder why a place was not found for those master-artists in delicate moods, Mary Coleridge and William Cory, and William Morris and Gabriel and Christina Rossetti. Browning is wholly shut out, and Swinburne. That is the decree of the imperious will. But ought there to be not one phrase of Ruskin's—the Ruskin of "Fors"—clarified and compact? And it is surprising that Henry Vaughan should not be in it, nor more than one song of Donne. But these are futile and fractious questions. One real regret I have, and one only. I am sorry that Dr. Bridges was persuaded to give the opening passage of St. John's Gospel as "In the beginning was Mind." In the first place, it will, in that form, suggest to the English reader that mind is the beginning of all things: while St. John is not attempting to define the beginning, but only to say that, whatever it was, it included speech: expression: the rational word. And, then, mind fails to suggest the two most vibrant characteristics of "the Word," i.e.—(1) Energetic Action, (2) Outward expression or revelation. "GOD *spake* and it was done." It is the Word of Power, of Motion, of Act. "Out of the silence leapt the Word." That is the



vivid meaning given to it by Ignatius. There is something behind the Word which issues into manifestation by the deed. "Mind" conveys none of all this.

But for the book itself we have nothing but brimming and delighted gratitude. It will lie always near to hand: to be cherished as a friend in need. It will purify, steady, and enhearten the soul in all hours of dismay. It will sound in the ear like solemn music, filling a noble building, breathing an honourable peace. And always, with its company of all famous men, it will bring, too, the present personal sense of the man who himself speaks through it, and who has enshrined his own serious and high-wrought purpose in the one short poem of his, which he has offered with the rest. There can be no better index of the temper in which the Anthology has been put together:—

"Since I believe in GOD the FATHER Almighty,  
Man's Maker and Judge, Overruler of Fortune,  
'Twere strange should I praise anything, and refuse Him praise,  
Should love the creature, forgetting the Creator,  
Nor unto Him in suff'ring and sorrow turn me:  
Nay how could I withdraw me from His embracing?

"Gratefully adoring for delight beyond asking  
Or thinking, and in hours of anguish and darkness  
Confiding always on His excellent greatness."



## XV

### WHERE ALL IS PEACE

I SEE from a publisher's circular that some one has found it a favourable moment in which to write a happy book on "Windrush and Evenlode."\* What a blessed relief merely to say the sweet words aloud! "Windrush and Evenlode"! Let us forget the blood and the slaughter, and only remember how the gay water of the Windrush ripples and slides under Burford Bridge: and how the new green of the Willows shimmers over the white reaches of the Evenlode. They have not known the sound of war—these delicious runlets that slide by the curving meadows down the slopes of Cotswold to the baby Thames—since the ring of Charles's troopers startled the wondering peasants as they rode out from Oxford to Evesham, and back again through Broadway on a fruitless errand: or since Cromwell fired the volley that slew the last of the Levellers by Burford Churchyard. That was all so long ago: and what a tiny war it was, as this or that little group of quiet citizens buckled on unused swords, and took down forgotten guns from the chimney-corner, and went out to do what they could for Freedom or for Right. And, since then, peace has hung like a brooding presence through the pleasant land: and it seems an absolutely incredible

\* "Windrush and Evenlode." By Henry Baerlein. Methuen.



thing that men should kill one another, so long as the Windrush glides by Burford, and the happy hayfields skirt the edge of the Evenlode. Windrush and Evenlode ! They are a pledge of peace. The earth shall find its peace. No one can look on them, and doubt. Man's last word shall be peace. For GOD is peace.



## XVI

### THE PROMISE OF THE BULBS

*November, 1915*

THE bulbs are in. That is the news from the garden. They are hidden away there for the good day to come. We have turned the corner. Before the "last red leaf, the last of its clan," has danced itself off its dead branch, with the heavy November skies still stooping over the sodden fields, with the bitterness of winter still to come, nevertheless, we have swung ourselves round, and have taken pledges of the new year, and have foreseen a fresh beginning, and have secured it far ahead. The bulbs are in. Spring is already alive in the womb of the earth. The bulbs are alive with prophecy. They cry from under the brown soil. They speak with tongues. They tell us that this blind and dumb world shall live again, and shall sing the new song of hope, and shall look out at us with bright eyes, as once again the buds swell, and the crocuses push their way through, and the thin spears of the snow-drops are suddenly disclosed, and a bluebell will laugh up at us, and a flaming tulip will leap to light, and all the birds will be shouting for joy. Shall we really see it? Will it be there? Can it be true? How shall we bear to see the sweet sight of a green and happy earth again? Will it mock us with its heartless aloof-



ness from our sorrow? Will its gladness be simply intolerable? Shall we smell dank death amid all its flowers? Shall we hate it for being so fair? No, we have sown our seed in a better hope. Let the bulbs lie there, under the ground, keeping their secret to themselves until the good hour strikes. We shall yet come through. We shall not have suffered in vain. We shall see again our signs and tokens. We shall take heart: and go on: and endure: and believe: and pray: and hope: until the end. Then "cometh the end"! There must be an end, at last: an end to the long night: an end to the nipping winter: an end to the heavy heartache, and the blinding tears: an end to the sickening strain of suspense: an end to wounds, and slaughter, and savagery, and hate: an end to the wicked horror of war. We shall breathe again soft breath in a kindly air. We shall laugh again, and sit at ease. We shall feel about us once more the benediction of peace. We shall recover our souls. We shall love one another. It must be so. There is an end that cometh to all evil things. We are so sure of it that we have laid out our gardens for the spring. The bulbs hold our secret. It is still hidden under ground: but it will break its way through when its day dawns. Let us endure in hope.



# Works by Dr. Scott Holland.

PERSONAL STUDIES. 4th Edition. 6s.

VITAL VALUES. 3s. 6d.

THE FIBRES OF FAITH. 1s. 6d. net.

BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, Bishop of Durham.  
(*Little Biographies.*) 2d. net.

GEORGE HOWARD WILKINSON, Bishop of St.  
Andrews, Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. (*Little  
Biographies.*) 2d. net.

## Standard Biographical Works.

ONE LOOK BACK. By the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. RUSSELL.  
10s. 6d. net.

THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP SHELDON. By the  
Rev. Canon VERNON STALEY. 10s. 6d. net.

"I REMEMBER." By the Rev. Canon HORSLEY. 2nd  
Edition. 7s. 6d. net.

CHARLES EDWARD BROOKE. A Memoir by the Rev.  
Canon A. G. DEEDES, with introduction by VISCOUNT  
HALIFAX. 5s. net.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MRS. SHERWOOD.  
By F. J. HARVEY DARTON. 2nd Edition. 16s. net.

WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN, Archbishop of  
York. By F. D. How. 2nd Edition. 16s. net.

FATHER DOLLING. A Memoir. By JOSEPH CLAYTON.  
5th Edition. 2s. net. Paper, 1s. net.

FATHER STANTON, OF ST. ALBAN'S, HOLBORN.  
A Memoir. By JOSEPH CLAYTON. 4th Edition. 2s. net.  
Paper, 1s.



# “A Bundle of Memories”

BY

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND,

Canon of Christ Church, Regius Professor of Divinity  
in the University of Oxford.

It is ten years since Dr. Holland first revealed to the ordinary reader how charming and intimate was his gift of appreciation of the great figures in English social life of the past half century. He has known everybody, and has witnessed and faithfully criticised every social and political movement of the time. His wide knowledge is allied to a delightful literary gift, which makes his pen portraits peculiarly individual and alive. Among the great men dealt with in the present volume are Swinburne, Bishop King, Hugh Price Hughes, Browning, Meredith, Archbishop Temple, Bishop Paget of Oxford, Mozley, Henry Sidgwick and Newman. Dr. Holland has published nothing of the kind since his “Personal Studies” appeared in 1905 and went into many editions. These studies, therefore, no less personal and brilliant, will be greatly welcome.

7s. 6d. net.

*Of all Libraries and Booksellers.*











D Holland, Henry Scott, 1847-1918.  
639 So as by fire : notes on the war, second se  
R4 / by Henry Scott Holland. -- London : Wells C  
H62 ner, Darton, 1916.  
118p. ; 20cm.

1. European War, 1914-1918--Religious aspect  
Addresses, essays, lectures. I. Title.



